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April 1950

The American Mercury

THE FUTURE OF AIR POWER

William B. Ziff

THE "FRINGE" RELIGIONS

Alson J. Smith

THE CASE FOR VEGETARIANISM

A. M. Liebstein, M.D. & Neil L. Ehmke

THE CASE AGAINST VEGETARIANISM

Joseph D. Wassersug, M.D.



THE IMPECCABLE MR. LACHESON

by Fred Rodell

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Mercury Reappraisals...

THE AMERICAN MERCURY prints more Americana than any other magazine of general circulation in the country. It has always sung the glories of our land. While THE MERCURY has never fallen prey to chauvinism, it has also never succumbed to the occasionally fashionable plague of national self-degradation.

To punctuate once again its abiding faith in our own country, THE MERCURY started about a year ago a series of reappraisals of outstanding personalities and events in our history. We have published reappraisals of such men as Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Jefferson Davis, Andrew Jackson, Louis D. Brandeis and Woodrow Wilson, and among the men who have contributed these articles have been authorities of the class of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Arthur S. Link, Rudolph Von Abele, and Nathan Schachner. Reappraisals of others of our great are on the way.

The series has already created much discussion and aroused widespread interest among men and women who value sound facts, forceful writing, and mature interpretation. These MERCURY reappraisals are only another proof of the high calibre of the readership of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Such revaluations of the great leaders of the past are welcomed by the leaders of today who are well represented among the readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

The American Mercury

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APRIL 1950

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The American Mercury for May

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In addition there will be many other articles and features, including the regular departments: The Library, The Check List, The Open Forum, The Theatre, and Down to Earth.

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The American Mercury

THE IMPECCABLE MR. ACHESON

BY

FRED RODELL

A LITTLE over a year ago, when a Senate committee, for the first time in U. S. history, was quizzing a newly named Secretary of State in open hearing before confirming him, Senator Vandenberg quietly remarked: "I have some knowledge of the adequately expert capacity of the witness to observe the protocol and the proprieties." No truer and no more deeply descriptive words were ever spoken of Dean Gooderham Acheson, the gentleman lawyer who shares with his unlikely friend and boss, plain Harry Truman, the shap-

ing of U. S. foreign policy in these parlous times. From the impeccability of his manner, of his mustache, of the rich clothes that led the Custom Tailors Guild to crown him America's best dressed man, to the rigid code of honorable conduct that caused him, with almost arrogant courage, to publicly proclaim he would not turn his back on his old friend Alger Hiss, "protocol" and "proprieties" in the fullest sense are of the essence of Acheson.

If this simple fact had been understood by those Senators who de-

FRED RODELL, a professor of law at Yale, is the author of *Woe Unto You, Lawyers, and other books. In recent years, he has done profiles of Sumner Welles, Justice Douglas, Senators Pepper and Vandenberg, and Judge Goldsborough* for THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

manded the unique pre-confirmation hearing, they would not have given Acheson the chance to acquit himself, as he did, with his customary devastating aplomb. For the purpose of the hearing was to air various cloudy but bitter charges that Acheson on his record was, if not actually pro-Russian, at least a softish appeaser of the USSR — as witness, for instance, his friendship for the Hisses (brother Donald, not Alger, had once been Acheson's personal aide in the State Department) and his 1945 appearance in Madison Square Garden to speak before the pro-Communist Council of American-Soviet Friendship.

The absurdity of these charges should have been apparent to all but the fanatic from the very nature of the man. When it was the national policy, during and just after the war, to try to hold hands with Russia, Assistant Secretary of State Acheson correctly and impeccably followed that policy as laid down by his superiors. When Secretary of State Byrnes ordered his Under-Secretary, Acheson, to speak at the Madison Square Garden meeting, Acheson obeyed that order. Not since, as Under-Secretary of the Treasury 'way back in 1933, he brashly balked at a Rooseveltian command and was unceremoniously fired, has Acheson ever failed to keep his proper place and his

proper counsel in whatever government post he held. Long known as Washington's "Number One Number Two Man," he told the Senate committee, revealingly: "I do exactly what I am told to do." Indeed, whatever foreign sympathies Acheson personally holds are, by training and temperament, exclusively Anglophilic — and nineteenth-century Anglophilic at that; he might have served Queen Victoria as the very model of a model foreign minister. To have looked with personal favor on blustering, uncouth Russia at any time in his well-disciplined life would have been utterly out of character for the civilized Mr. Acheson.

"Civilized" is one of a long list of adjectives that appear again and again in magazine articles and newspaper stories about Acheson. Taken from many sources and strung together, these adjectives add up to a telling character sketch of the Secretary. According to the press, Acheson is able, adroit, argumentative, aristocratic, attractive, brilliant, charming, clever, correct, deft, efficient, elegant, eloquent, graceful, impatient, intellectual, intolerant, lively, logical, persuasive, polished, precise, proud, quick, sharp, skillful, stylish, suave, urbane, and witty. To these should be appended as a sort of catch-all the phrase that one of Acheson's former law partners borrowed from William

James to describe his admired friend: "The shiniest fish that ever came out of the sea."

The picture that emerges from even the most flattering of these words is of a sort of virtuoso of the superficial, a man whose mind is tailored like his suits to catch the approval of the elect. That is Dean Acheson. Conspicuously missing is any suggestion of depth or warmth or strength, of wisdom as opposed to cleverness, or of simple democracy as opposed to an aristocratic excellence as intricate as it is contrived.

Also missing from the list are two adjectives that properly belong there — ambitious and lucky; for Acheson, throughout his career, has been both.

II

The luckiest or perhaps the shrewdest thing Acheson ever did was to accept at the Harvard Law School a devoted discipleship under bright Professor (now Justice) Felix Frankfurter — a discipleship which has lasted, undiminished in either devotion or deference, for over thirty years. Frankfurter has been in the foreground or the background of every Acheson appointment since — from the time he personally picked his young protégé, graduating fifth in his class at Harvard, for the prize job of law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Brandeis until he stood significantly

at Acheson's side as the new Secretary of State was sworn into office in January 1949. At a New Year's Eve party a few weeks before, the two men, aware of the forthcoming appointment, had embraced each other and stood hand in hand as the toasts were drunk at midnight.

Acheson was also lucky, back in 1921, to get in on the ground floor of a new Washington law firm, Covington, Burling & Rublee, which was to become, with his help and to his considerable financial benefit, one of the nation's most successful. For this firm, at the instigation of his friend, Arizona Congressman Lewis Douglas (now ambassador to England), Acheson in 1931 represented the State of Arizona in an important case before the Supreme Court. He lost the case, but this did not stop Douglas, grateful for the nice try, from joining with Frankfurter a couple of years later to urge their friend's appointment to a high post in the original New Deal. Thus Acheson, at the age of 40, became Under-Secretary of the Treasury despite his frank confession to a Senate committee that his financial experience was "none at all."

Booted out in less than six months by President Roosevelt, who dismissed him as a "lightweight," albeit a "gentleman," Acheson took this blow to his ambition and pride with a properly stiff upper lip — a behavior

which, incidentally, made possible his return to government service under FDR, should occasion arise. Occasion arose with the war in Europe; Anglophile Acheson, an immediate interventionist, became an ornament of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies; when the *New York Times* printed a now famous letter, signed by Acheson and three other lawyers, which proposed the destroyers-for-bases swap with England, Acheson, as stylistic author, received the major credit although the imaginative legal brain-work was largely Ben Cohen's. These activities pleased the President into inviting his former "lightweight" back, this time as Assistant Secretary of State, and Acheson quickly quit his \$70,000-a-year law practice to take the \$9000 post.

After six-and-a-half years in the State Department under two Presidents had failed to advance him beyond Number Two Man, although the Secretaryship had changed hands three times, Acheson, his ambition a trifle wilted, resigned in 1947 and went back to the lucrative law — but again he left the door open and kept it open for his possible return. Thus, in November 1946, when a dejected Truman had come East to Washington after the Democratic election débâcle, it had been Acheson,

then Acting Secretary, who alone of all the Cabinet went down to the station to meet his chief at the train. And in the spring of 1948, he spurned participation in the abortive campaign to nominate Eisenhower and stayed vocally true to Truman. To attribute such little acts of diplomacy and loyalty to an ambitious purposefulness on Acheson's part would be unfair and inaccurate in the extreme; but they did him no harm when a re-elected Truman was casting around for a successor to General Marshall. Even then, Acheson's luck came into play; Chief Justice Vinson was offered the Secretaryship first and turned it down. "It has taken years and years," said Acheson when he got the job, with perhaps some small implication that he might have been aiming for it, "but now I am on my own."

On his own, except, of course, for Congress and the President — his ambition presumably sated unless he harbors an itch for the White House or the comparative retirement of the Supreme Court — Acheson has begun to need something more than luck or the proprieties or verbal brilliance to carry him through. Even in his first year as Secretary, as James Reston says in the *New York Times*, Acheson has been no more than "a brilliant lawyer for the defense of the State Department's policies. He has taken a case prepared in the main by other

men and argued it with great skill. . . . Now, however, he is confronted with the task of creating policy. . . .”

He who creates policy undertakes a brand of responsibility such as no Number Two Man ever has to shoulder and becomes a target for basic criticism such as no Number Two Man ever has to face. Whether Acheson, for all his virtues and virtuosity, can handle that kind of responsibility with the bold wisdom and tough-minded conviction it demands is at best an open question and at worst frighteningly doubtful. As for the criticism, it has already started to come: — for the eliminate-the-positive-accentuate-the-negative policy toward China that came to a head in Formosa; for the unprincipled if politically pragmatic moves (and even the pragmatism is questionable) to kiss and make up with UN-boycotted fascist Spain; for the friendship with Alger Hiss that was “not easily given” and, despite Hiss’ conviction of perjury, “not easily withdrawn”; for the State Department’s secretive and self-serving attitude about giving information to the press, which has put the Department’s public relations, according to Homer Bigart in the New York *Herald Tribune*, “in danger of becoming little more than a propaganda medium.”

Acheson, who has never cared for criticism, has begun to find the going

rough. And adversity is something new in the fortunate life, to date, of Dean Gooderham Acheson.

III

From his birth, in Middletown, Conn., in 1893, Acheson had what is commonly called “every advantage,” plus. His father was a forceful English-born Episcopal minister who had once been a member of the Canadian mounted police and whose use of kettledrums to emphasize his church services did not prevent him from later becoming Bishop of Connecticut. Acheson’s mother came from a wealthy Canadian whisky family; British breeding and British tradition had always permeated the Acheson home.

From the pony cart and the governess of what Acheson accurately calls the “golden age” of his childhood, he moved on to strict and proper Groton where the disciplined intensity of the school irked him but doubtless left its mark. At Yale, he spent four well-heeled years developing and exploiting his taste in clothes, whisky, and bright small-talk — but not his mind. The summer after he graduated, in 1915, he worked with a surveying gang in the Canadian woods; and to the poor little rich boy who never went to public school, these brief weeks of close contact with others than the élite, unique in

his entire life, loom large and proud in his anecdotal memory.

By contrast to the bright college haze of Yale, the Harvard Law School was a grim place, heavy with hard work and solemn talk. But Acheson found in Frankfurter an antidote to dullness; the little professor with the electric charm and water-bug mind gave the law's ponderosities a verbal surface sparkle. Acheson, for the first time, began to learn to think — not with breadth and originality but rather with sharpness and agility within the conventional limits of legal logic. At Frankfurter's knee, intellectually speaking, he developed the sort of one-octave brilliance that has characterized his achievements ever since.

Two years as aide to Justice Brandeis instilled a personal hero-worship of that grand old man of legal liberalism but failed to raise Acheson's sights even close to Brandeis'. (Only recently, James Reston reports, Acheson quoted a sentence from Brandeis to explain how he, Acheson, was trying to do his job — but omitted, perhaps inadvertently, Brandeis' next sentence: "If we would guide by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold.") Leaving Brandeis and still somewhat under the influence of the Justice's social-crusading spell, Acheson toyed briefly with the notion of

becoming a labor lawyer. Then, playing it safe, he went to work for the young but conventional corporate law firm that was to change its name, a dozen years later, to Covington, Burling, Rublee, Acheson & Shorb.

For twenty solid years, broken only by his short-lived adventure in the early New Deal, Acheson practiced law and prospered. Shunning the hurly-burly of the trial courts, that teem with witnesses and juries and spectators, he preferred the more rarefied and impersonal atmosphere of the upper courts and found his forte in appellate work. Most of his clients were financial bigwigs, personal or corporate, such as the power companies which he represented in one of their futile fights against the New Deal; but he defended New York's minimum-wage law before the Supreme Court and won — with an assist from the Roosevelt Court Plan which then hung heavy over the Justices. This victory was rare; Acheson's lifetime batting average before the Supreme Court is about .200 and he once lost fifteen cases there in a row. His friends explain this on the ground that he was so good he only got the hardest cases to handle. But one lawyer who licked him maintains today it was a cinch: "Dean, for all his glibness, was so proper in his manner and so orthodox, if clever, in his legal thinking — like a smart

boxer sticking to the Queensberry rules in a street fight — that all you had to do was kick him in the groin, intellectually of course, and he was lost.”

It was this same inadaptability to the unorthodox that cost Acheson his Treasury Under-Secretaryship in 1933. FDR, out to devalue the dollar by playing with the price of gold, asked Acheson how it could be done under existing law. Acheson replied, to Roosevelt's annoyance, that it could not be done. When a more flexible and original legal mind than Acheson's produced an answer, Acheson still insisted, with fine-spun reasoning, that he had been right — and abruptly learned that he had “re-signed.” Insofar as his objections may have been, as sometimes reported, “moral” as well as narrowly legal, it is interesting that precisely the same “moral” issue — executive action without Congressional approval, by stretching an existing law to an unforeseen use — was later involved in the destroyers-for-bases deal which Acheson enthusiastically endorsed.

Meanwhile, Acheson's private life had come to match in luminosity his briefly interrupted legal career. He owned a red-brick town house in fashionable Georgetown and an eighteenth-century farmhouse, turned into a comfortable country estate, “Harewood,” seventeen miles out in Mary-

land. With his wife, the former Alice Stanley, an aristocratic lady who paints and whom he married while in law school, Acheson graced Washington's more high-brow social circles. His social plus professional acceptability brought him, in 1936, a place on the Corporation which runs Yale University (a group whose general tone is hinted by the fact that Acheson was rated a rather daringly liberal choice). An air of almost imitative British gentility always emanated from Acheson in even his most strenuous moments, as in the Sunday soccer — not football — games on the lawn at “Harewood” or in the horseback riding with rigid emphasis on proper English-saddle form. It was in his blood and breeding — not to mention his tutelage by Britain-loving Felix Frankfurter — that, once England was in danger, he should want this nation to go to war. So did Franklin Roosevelt.

In February 1941, ten months before Pearl Harbor, Acheson was appointed Assistant Secretary of State.

IV

One of Acheson's early assignments for the State Department was to oppose, before a Congressional committee, an investigation of the leak of American supplies to Axis nations. A reporter on the scene summed up his argument as follows: “that dis-

closure of the facts would be unwise; that the facts are already disclosed in Department of Commerce reports; that exports to countries friendly to the Axis are being carefully watched; . . . that one must be careful in shutting off supplies to countries friendly to the Axis because that would make them friendly to the Axis."

Though Acheson soon developed from this inauspicious start into the Administration's smoothest, most persuasive super-salesman of ideas to Congress, the early effort was, in fact, a crude but accurate caricature of the polished technique that was to come. For Acheson became an absolute master at evasive but impressive double-talk, at twisting tough Senators and Congressmen around his fingers with his deferential ("That is correct, Sir") eloquence, at what *Newsweek* once called "reassuring without informing." He sold Congress the extension of Lend-Lease, not as the generous, though vital, out-and-out gift to our allies which it was, but as a safe and sound business investment. He sold the World Bank on the same basis, nor was he bothered by some slight inconsistency between the Bank's proposed control of foreign exchanges and Secretary Hull's free trade program, then under Acheson's wing. Not only before Congress but at many international conferences —

Bretton Woods, the setting up of UNRRA, and others — Acheson was the State Department's front-man and advocate, ably arguing its policies, as he had once argued cases for clients, regardless of his own private approval or disapproval and never caviling, after his one bitter lesson under Roosevelt, at the commands of his superiors.

In the summer of 1945, with the war almost over, Acheson, whose personal ambitions had not been advanced as his personal fortunes had declined, turned in his resignation. Within three days, Secretary Byrnes, who had just succeeded Stettinius, persuaded him to stay by upping him to Under-Secretary. For the next two years, under Byrnes and later Marshall, Acheson enjoyed a little more authority and prestige and had at least an advisory voice in policy-making. These were the years when the official attitude toward Russia shifted from tender to tough; Acheson shifted with it, as *Time* said, "moving with the crowd" — to the point where Molotov once protested his "rudely slanderous and hostile" remarks. He remained, somewhat reluctantly, the Department's prize spokesman to Congress; at one committee hearing, when asked what effort the Department was making to explain its views to the people, he answered with feeling: "The ordeal

I am now being subjected to is part of that effort." That this type of effort was forced on the tight-mouthed State Department, not initiated by it, passed unnoticed in the characteristic cleverness of Acheson's reply.

Perhaps his greatest service as Under-Secretary was his chairmanship of the committee that produced the famous Acheson-Lilienthal report on atomic energy; no idea man, Acheson suavely and diplomatically ironed out conflicts and compromised differences between scientists, businessmen, lawyers, and high brass. Acheson also helped work out, under orders, the Truman Doctrine before selling it to Congress. And, still as a subordinate, he was one of the three men chiefly responsible for the Marshall Plan — a program for which he is sometimes given sole major credit because of a speech he made in Mississippi in May 1947, a month before Marshall officially broached the Plan at Harvard. Actually Acheson, pinch-hitting for Truman, made his Mississippi remarks at Marshall's suggestion, as a sort of trial balloon for some ideas about U. S. aid to Europe that Truman, Marshall and Acheson had been hashing over together.

When Acheson, who resigned shortly after the Marshall Plan was born, came back a year and a half later as full-fledged Secretary, the British press, always enthusiastic

about him and with reason, outdid itself. Said the Manchester *Guardian Weekly*, for instance, in the course of a lyrical listing of his qualifications and past accomplishments: "He conceived the Marshall Plan and elaborated it in great detail in an unreported speech at Cleveland, Miss., a month before he persuaded Mr. Marshall to make the great offer at Harvard." To which one astute U. S. newspaperman, perusing it, added: "He also built the Panama Canal, single-handed."

v

Acheson's first year as Secretary has been summed up by a friendly reviewer as "pretty good." He handled adroitly the lifting of the Berlin blockade and later oversaw the transfer of Western Germany from War Department to State Department supervision. Here, as in the streamlining of the State Department administrative set-up under the brisk hand of Under-Secretary Webb, efficiency was a major goal. At the meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris, where next to nothing was actually accomplished, Acheson scored a strictly diplomatic triumph by besting Russia's Vishinsky in debate. More significantly, he negotiated the North Atlantic Treaty, pushed it through the Senate over numerically small but stubborn op-

position, and got Congress to follow it up with military aid for Western Europe.

Talking the Treaty through the Senate in person, forthright in manner but often slippery in substance, Acheson was at his intellectually acrobatic best. He split legal hairs to insist that Treaty ratification would not commit this country to war—as in blunt fact, it does—if another Treaty-signing nation were attacked. Asked if a vote for the Treaty would obligate a Senator to vote for the arms program, which was linked with it in negotiation but was to come before Congress separately, Acheson replied: “There is something in the Treaty which requires each Senator, when he comes to vote on the arms program, after adoption of the Treaty, to exercise his judgment less freely than he would if the Treaty had not been adopted.” What he meant of course, but did not dare say, was “Yes.”

The same sort of diplomatic double-talk, the sly ducking of straight answers to tough or embarrassing questions, came increasingly to characterize Acheson's relations with the public through the press. Although he wrote in his letter transmitting to the President the Department's White Paper on China, “The inherent strength of our system is the responsiveness of the government to an informed and critical public opinion,”

his own attitude—and even the White Paper itself with its contradictions and widely alleged omissions—belied, and still belies, those solemn words. As criticism has recently thickened—from the right on Formosa, from the left on Spain, from all quarters for do-nothingism in Asia—Acheson has drawn himself and his Department farther and farther into an uninformative shell. Impatient with this criticism (after a longish honeymoon with the press), jealous of his own shining reputation (now showing first signs of tarnish), resentful at being asked to explain or justify his actions (which he thinks should be accepted on their face), the Acheson of today seems to have forgotten what he said in a funeral oration on his hero, Brandeis, back in 1941: “But to him, truth was less than truth unless it were expressed so that people could understand and believe.”

One reason for Acheson's mounting difficulties of late is his lack of imaginative, bold-minded advisers. He has spent most of his official life not only taking orders from on top but borrowing ideas from bright young men below. Today the only man on top is Harry Truman, no mental ball of fire, and most of the bright young aides—from Ben Cohen to George Kennan—are either leaving and half-way out or gone. Undoubtedly Acheson's most intimate adviser is his

intellectual godfather, Felix Frankfurter, with whom he begins the day by walking to work every morning and often closes the day with an evening chat on the phone. Frankfurter sharply maintains for the record that the two never talk of official matters, but those who know the Justice's penchant for mixing, off the record, into government affairs assay his public protests to the contrary rather lightly. And whatever counsel Frankfurter may give to his pet protégé is not likely to be much broader in sweep than the legal perspective he taught him thirty-odd years ago.

Yet the main reason for the Secretary's troubles lies in himself: —

When Acheson, under Byrnes and Marshall, was often Acting Secretary of State, he used to sign his cables "Acheson Acting." The phrase is almost too apt; Acheson has been acting all his life. Not obviously — for he is an accomplished actor who always gives his performance an air of the natural. Thus the witty retorts, the pertinent anecdotes, that come out as though fresh off the griddle are drawn — like a polished professional comic's gags — from a tremendous store on tap in Acheson's mind. Once when he

was questioned about an "off-the-cuff remark," he replied: "My answer was not 'off-the-cuff'! I considered it carefully — for only a fraction of a second, but carefully." This comment is infinitely self-revealing; no matter how lightning-quick his reactions, there is nothing sincerely spontaneous about Acheson. He is always playing to an audience, even though — as in his personally honorable statement on Alger Hiss — the audience may be select and small. Hence everything he says and does is carefully calculated — as indeed the gratuitous biblical reference to back his stand on Hiss was calculated — for the effect and the anticipated applause.

Playing for the effect tends to divert a man's mind from the essence of things. The things that Mr. Acheson, no longer a Number Two Man, has to deal with in the world today are too big and deep and portentous to be dealt with on a level of bright virtuosity or even Victorian gallantry, translated into a finished dramatic performance. The time has come for Dean Acheson, if the capacity is in him, to forget about playing it for the effect where the whole world is at stake and start playing it straight from the guts and from the heart.



THE CASE FOR VEGETARIANISM

BY A. M. LIEBSTEIN, M.D. & NEIL L. EHMKE

This is the fourth in the MERCURY series of discussions of "irregular" philosophies of the healing art. "The Case for Vegetarianism" is presented by two men eminently qualified to do so. Dr. Liebstein obtained his M.D. in 1912 from the New York Medical College, and has been active in the practice of medicine in New York City for the past 38 years. He has written extensively for medical journals, and for years has been chairman of the Board of Directors of the Maimonides Hygienic Association and secretary of the Eclectic Medical Society of Greater New York. Mr. Ehmke is president of the Vegetarian Society of New York, and a member of the Executive Committee, in charge of the educational program of the American Vegetarian Union. By profession he is an instructor in mathematics and marine navigation. Dr. Wassersug is instructor in medicine at Tufts Medical School, and the author of two medical books and numerous articles in both the scientific and general magazines.

VEGETARIANISM is an art, an ethic and a science, based upon the rational doctrine that vegetables are the proper foods for the human race. It is no mere dietary cult, as some believe, but a way of life involving the realms of health, character, economics and religion, a way of life as ancient as the Bible.

The term vegetarianism is comparatively modern — it first appeared around 1847 — but the articulate philosophy dates back to Plato, Pythagoras and Socrates, who are known to have been vegetarians upon ethical and hygienic grounds. More recently, its vitality has been represented by the names of Leo Tolstoi, Mahatma

Gandhi and George Bernard Shaw; and by millions of believers. There are between 3 and 4 million vegetarians in the United States. In Europe, the proportion is slightly higher, and in Asia whole multitudes will never eat the bodies of fellow creatures. In Africa, Australia, New Zealand and South America, there are large numbers of vegetarians.

It is not a simple philosophy, confined to a single group. Among religious sects, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Trappist Fathers of the Catholic faith, the worshipers of Vishnu, and the Hindus, all practice some form of abstention. And there are differences among vegetarian so-

cieties. The lacto-ovo vegetarians use milk, eggs and cheese, in addition to vegetables and fruits. Other groups are limited strictly to vegetables, fruits and nuts, and the fruitarians to fruit alone. The American Vegetarian Union was organized last summer, at Lake Geneva, Wis., to unite the local societies into one national body, and this in turn has become affiliated with the International Vegetarian Union, which has existed in Europe since before the first World War. The teachings of local groups have already influenced our national eating habits, however, and have played a beneficial rôle in introducing valuable vegetables and fruits into our dietary régime, to displace the dangerous excesses of meats in our national diet.

Ethically, the vegetarian believes that the killing of animals for food involves the rights of kindred beings. He believes that human life and animal life are very nearly the same, the only practical difference being in degree of intelligence. Animals evince the same basic emotions of care and affection for those close to them as men. They suffer the same pains and cling to life as vigorously. If, then, it be a crime to kill the one, it is likewise a crime to kill the other.

Some of the great religions of the world have stated the case more strongly. The Jewish faith brings it forth in the first chapter of Genesis,

where God tells man to eat the herbs and the fruits of trees. Later, this is developed into the admonition, "Thou shalt not kill," and the last chapter of Isaiah confirms the fact that this commandment covers all life — "He that killeth an ox is the same as if he had killed a man." The Hindus hold animals sacred.

Scientifically, it has been found that meats produce in the human system an excess of uric acid deposits and necrones — the end products of protein decomposition. The deposits, as well as the necrones, are causative factors in the development of such constitutional degenerative diseases as gout, arthritis, kidney disease, arteriosclerosis, heart trouble and cancer. A careful survey of cancer in China brought out the fact that the people of the northern regions seldom if ever suffer from cancer of the stomach. Most of them are vegetarians, with millet as their food staple. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Southern China, whose diet consists of rich foods and polished rice, suffer from cancer of both stomach and liver. These are not haphazard incidents. The dietetic errors practiced in South China are somewhat similar to those practiced by all civilized countries in modern times.

In the United States, according to statistics published by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the

agricultural group has the lowest cancer rate. This group consumes a great deal of protective food, like fruits and vegetables, and cannot afford a luxurious diet of meats and spicy, stimulating foods, which are undoubtedly predisposing and causative factors of carcinosis. There is no doubt that the occurrence of cancer can be considerably reduced by a vegetarian diet. In the United States, stomach cancer kills about two hundred persons a day. The majority of these deaths could have been avoided by following the principle of rational living, based upon the essentials of hygiene, and on a rational vegetarian diet. Even in combating cases of gangrene, arthritis, heart trouble and high blood pressure, a vegetarian diet will play a significant rôle. Many diseases are directly or indirectly caused or aggravated by errors in diet which produce a state of suboxidation in the cells.

Modern biochemistry finds, too, that in old age, an excess of calcium as well as sodium and chlorine is retained in the human system. Potassium, magnesium, phosphorus and nitrogen are found in greater quantities in young people than among the aged. By a process of systemic remineralization, through mineral waters, rational modes of living, and a rational vegetable diet rich in these deficient elements, old age may be considerably

deferred and the span of life greatly prolonged.

A rational therapeutic armamentarium will therefore include dietotherapy. In the great majority of chronic diseases, the etiology may be traced to biophysical, biochemical and bioelectrical, as well as psychosocial, abnormalities, all of which are influenced by errors in diet. Whenever indicated, a rational diet plus rational therapy directly serves to prevent or cure the great majority of human ailments. Errors in diet lead inevitably to disturbances of vital functional activities; and functional abnormalities, if allowed to continue, will eventually produce organic lesions.

II

In eating, there are two basic ways of proceeding: impulse and rationality. A man may eat haphazardly, or he may choose his foods carefully, from what is available, according to his knowledge and experience. If he eats impulsively, the results will be governed to a great degree by luck. If he selects his food with care, he is in a position to control his physical and mental states, insofar as his food affects them. The use of reason in what he eats may not achieve the impossible, but it will go a long way toward eliminating undesirable conditions.

Vegetarians believe that rationality should be given a paramount place in

the arrangement of diet. As little as possible should be left to chance. The quality, availability, production, and after-effects, of foods ought to be considered before they are eaten. Only the best foods should be eaten, and those which are inferior and those which contain detrimental substances ought to be eliminated from the diet. Upon this basis vegetarians examine the major classes of food, and conclude that: (1) plants provide the most efficient and proper foods for man; (2) dairy products provide valuable sources of some food elements, but are not really necessary for health; and (3) the flesh of animals is not only unnecessary to man's diet, but ought not to be eaten at all.

Animal flesh is not necessary to the human diet. Men have lived without it; it contains nothing which cannot be obtained in a purer, cleaner state from other sources. It does contain considerable quantities of protein and fats, and certain minerals and vitamins, but along with these elements it contains substances which in many cases are harmful to the human body.

The animal body is a living, moving mechanism. It does not produce its own food; it is entirely dependent upon outside sources for the energy and materials to support life and activity. It can neither utilize raw energy nor build structural tissue from the raw elements of the earth.

It must rely on the chemicals of its food for its supplies.

Such a mechanism involves the problems of continuous food intake and continuous elimination of energy-exhausted materials. Bladder, kidneys, liver, sweat glands, and lungs, are all excellent organs capable of cleansing the body of waste materials, but they are only the organs of excretion. The wastes of the body are produced in the cells, which are often somewhat removed from points of excretion. To meet this problem, the blood and lymphatic systems course throughout the body, continuously burdened with waste materials, since the processes of the body continuously produce them, as part of their natural functions.

The perspiratory system is likewise in continuous operation. It speeds up and slows down, but never ceases; and it always contains wastes on the way to elimination. When the animal is killed, all its bodily processes stop within a short time. The blood, lymph and perspiration stop flowing, and the wastes they carry stop with them, right where they are. When the flesh is eaten, these substances are also eaten, and carry their deleterious effects into the body of the eater.

The human body has wide latitude in its ability to excrete wastes, but there is a limit to this capacity. It produces by its own bodily processes

enough worn-out materials, without taking in an additional supply. If foods which contain wastes are taken continually, and in large quantities, it follows that sooner or later the functional capacities of the organs will be exceeded. Forced to work at top capacity under these conditions, they will sooner or later break down under the strain. Chronic conditions will inevitably result. The very fact that the standard treatment of some chronic diseases includes elimination of flesh foods from the diet is patent evidence that these foods are directly connected with the cause of them. Animal flesh that is eaten is dead and decaying. It begins to rot when it is killed. It continues to rot during the process of preparation as food. It is rotting when it is eaten. It may rot in the human body, and rot that organism with it.

A table prepared from research in the clinical laboratory of the Battle Creek Sanatorium shows the number of active bacteria found in different samples of animal flesh. After twenty hours at room temperature, the number of putrefactive bacteria per gram of a large sausage will increase by 70 million. A smoked ham adds 700 million; a hamburger steak, 650 million; pork, nearly a billion; and porterhouse steak, another 650 million per gram. Cooking and modern methods of processing destroy many of the

bacteria growing in dead animal flesh, but they do not necessarily destroy all of them. The tuberculosis bacteria, for instance, are very resistive to heat and other adverse conditions, and can survive drastic treatment. Nature provides them with the ability to protect themselves from treatments which would destroy other bacterial growths. Since many other harmful bacteria possess resistive powers, it is dubious whether a portion of animal flesh could ever be sterilized completely. But, assuming that it could, the process of decay might begin again at any time. One virile unit of decay only need settle upon the flesh under conducive conditions of heat and moisture, and the process will begin all over again.

The supply of bacteria and allied growths is considerable in nearly every place where flesh food might be stored until consumption, after sterilization. Probably no surface upon which it might be laid is absolutely free of them, and air itself is usually well laden with them. Sterilization is also futile against the toxic substances secreted by the action of thriving bacteria before the flesh was sterilized. Toxins are chemical substances which can be rendered harmless only by chemical action. Of course, they might be washed or fried out, according to the method of cooking, but this possibility is usually offset by the

practice of searing, to keep the juices, and by the use of extracted juices for gravies and soup stock.

With dairy products the problem is not the same. The bacteria which grow on them are not usually harmful to the human body. Sour milk is sometimes recommended for the bacteria it contains, and cheeses are prized for the flavors developed by bacterial action. Spoiled eggs are readily detected and are not often eaten. Milk is produced as food for young animals, and is ordinarily free from harmful substances. Eggs are, likewise, food for young chicks. Both are designed to support life similar to that of man, so it is only logical that man can use them for food. They are a source of valuable proteins, oils, minerals and vitamins. Yet they are not necessary to the diet of man. Like animal flesh, they contain nothing which does not come from plants, and which could not be obtained from that source.

III

When it comes to plant foods, man is provided with the richest source of the nutriments he needs. Nature has created myriads of plants and vegetables, not fortuitously, but to be used either as food in health or as medication in disease. Whether it be carbohydrate, protein, oil, mineral or vitamin, it can be found in the plant king-

dom, or the chemical substances for body synthesis are readily available from that source. It is a well known scientific fact that without plants we would perish. The functions of oxygenation and elimination, which are virtually the life-sustainers of the human race, cannot be carried out normally without the use of vital plants and vegetables. They are nature's essentials for human welfare.

Since the first products in the green chlorophyll-producing cells are simple sugars, carbohydrates are found in all plant foods. Plant foods like the soya bean are low in carbohydrates, but others, like the grape, are rich in sugar. Fruits contain large proportions of fructose, a fine-flavored simple sugar, while sugar cane, maple syrup, beets and carrots provide ample sources of sucrose and sugars. Potatoes, grains and beans are good sources of starch. Proteins occur amply, too, in such plants as the soya bean, the peanut, and other nuts and legumes. It is true that many of the vegetable proteins do not contain all the amino acids necessary to the body, but those obtained in combination from different plants may readily supplement each other to make up the lack.

It is upon the score of relative protein values that the advocates of flesh-eating insist that plants are lacking. The proteins of animal flesh consist of

chemical structures similar to those of the human body. Animal body needs are so nearly identical with human needs that their proteins are composed of the same essential protein elements, amino acids included, as the human body. But there is one consideration which this view overlooks. The proteins of animal flesh came from plants. There is nothing to prevent the human body from getting them from the same source.

What about the superior digestive power of certain animals? Some animals, like the cow, the horse, the sheep, and the goat, can digest plant substances which the human digestive system cannot handle. But these are not powers to digest protein. They are powers to digest celluloses, the highly complex carbohydrates and sugars which compose the cell walls of plants. These animals eat huge quantities of grasses and other coarse plants, and they have consequently developed specialized digestive organs to take care of them. But carbohydrates do not contain amino acids. Therefore, if animal flesh were superior food because of the digestive powers of these animals, one would expect this in carbohydrate qualities, not protein. How, then, can animal protein be superior to plant protein on the ground of specialized digestion?

Plant proteins are quite capable of supporting vigorous, healthful human

life, and the human body is capable of digesting them. If neither of these statements were true, no one would be able to live without protein from animal sources. Yet many do. There is evidence, not of one, not of a few, but of millions who obtain their whole supply of protein, as well as other food elements, entirely from plants. And among these people excellent health is prevalent.

Plants are said never to be devoid of fats. The nuts, beans, peanut, avocado and other plant foods supply good-quality oils in abundance, certainly in enough quantity to meet the needs of the human body. Minerals, too, are sufficiently available in plant foods. Calcium is found in carrots, raspberries and celery. Iron is found in spinach, the king of vegetables, and in raisins and beets. And so we might go on to enumerate the vegetable sources from which phosphorus, copper, sodium and all other necessary minerals may be obtained. Every mineral desirable for the functioning of the human body would be present in adequate amounts, in a sufficient number of plant foods, to ensure enough for all human needs, if only a wide variety of vegetables, fruits, nuts and grains are eaten.

Vegetables are always highly acclaimed as sources of vitamins. In varying degrees, most vitamins can be obtained in good quantity from many

plants; with few exceptions, plants furnish all human need for vitamins. The missing vitamins can be readily synthesized by the human body under proper conditions; by sunlight or by ultra-violet rays, as in the case of Vitamin D. Further benefits from vegetables, as curatives, are common knowledge: spinach to neutralize the body's acids and purify the blood; cabbage for scurvy, and for all conditions caused by deficiency of lime salts; cucumbers for skin disease and complexion; asparagus to relieve the lungs and kidneys from acid gas; lettuce for anemia; tomatoes for dyspepsia and constipation; peas, beans and lentils, which some vegetarians believe to be therapeutically effective in depressed mental states, melancholia, hypochondria, and in all types of psychoneuroses, psychasthenia and incipient cases of dementia praecox; celery, a fine nerve sedative in such neuralgic conditions as sciatica, tic douloureux, and herpes zoster; beets for biliousness and jaundice; potatoes, best when baked and always highly nutritious; rhubarb, a tonic and laxative, the vinegar of nature; garlic for all lung conditions, especially tuberculosis and hypertension; radishes for gallstones and sluggish liver; and turnips for skin diseases.

The whole range of healthful fruits and nuts should really be included; the apple, the king of fruits, which

really does keep the doctor away, or at least in abeyance, since it is therapeutically effective in all conditions of acidosis, gout, rheumatism, jaundice, liver and gall bladder troubles, and nervous and skin diseases caused by sluggish liver; the grape, crowned queen of fruits, for the treatment of febrile conditions, varicose veins, hemorrhoids, osteomyelitis and gangrene, and the most reliable of all tissue builders and vitalizing agents, particularly in the treatment of diseases of old age; the peach, for acidosis and parasitic diseases; the lemon, which replenishes our systems with potassium salts and reduces the viscosity of the blood; the orange, a true tonic, so beneficial to bronchial, asthmatic and cancerous conditions; the raisin, rich in iron and beneficial in all anemic conditions and states of low vitality; and a host of others — pears, melons, pineapples, the berry family. Finally, almonds and other nuts are nutritious, concentrated foods, and constitute a meal in themselves, in combination with plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables. That these vegetables, fruits and nuts are endowed with definite therapeutic properties is a clinical fact beyond refute.

IV

It would be hard to get a completely fair comparison between vegetarian and non-vegetarian humans with re-

spect to character, for human life is too complex for any such investigation. There is, however, an example close at hand, in the animal kingdom. The flesh-eating animals are wild and uncontrollable. The plant-eating animals are mild, tractable, the servants of mankind. Carnivorous animals are vicious, untrustworthy, surly, unmanageable, and difficult to tame. They are the beasts of prey, who cannot be taught to do large amounts of useful work, whose strength is designed only to strike out quickly and kill. They are indolent and tire quickly of all but their predatory habits. With ruminating animals the condition is quite contrary. They are even-tempered, dependable, and more or less easy to domesticate; they are not easily excited, even in times of stress.

Patient, long-enduring, they can be properly trained to do great quantities of constructive and useful labor. They prey not and need not be feared by men and by other creatures. They have by far the finer characteristics of the animal species.

So also, with man. He is subject to the same instincts, motivations, influences of life as all other animals. He may modify them as the play of his intellect affects his behavior, but basically there is no difference. Thus, what makes a clear line of distinction

in the characters of animals must, as well, make a clear distinction in the basic characters of men.

Vegetarians reason, from these distinctions, that eating animal flesh causes viciousness, untrustworthiness and belligerence. The ever present necessity for killing develops a habit and a taste for killing. With man, it begins with the little animals. Flies, grasshoppers, ants, meet the destructive hands of children. Small animals, mice, birds, frogs, toads, come next. Then the habit grows stronger, and man hunts larger animals — rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, woodchucks, deer, bears, lions, elephants. And still the habit grows, until, by some interfusion with mob behavior, the desire for slaughter flames into mass hysteria and war.

Economically, the vegetarian diet looms as inevitable. As the human population increases, the animal population must decrease. Each year man requires more of the world's supply of land and food, and what he takes the animals must relinquish. In North and South America, in Australia and parts of Africa, vast areas of productive land still exist, but man steadily reduces those parts available to animal life. If nothing happens to check the propagation of man, there will some day be no room for the lesser creatures.

From another point of view, animal

flesh is an impractical source of food. Production of animals wastes a great deal of time. It takes from four to twenty pounds of plant foods to produce one pound of edible flesh. The farmer spends at least four times as long caring for his animals as he does for his plants. Solving the problem of food production would be greatly simplified by the greater introduction of plant foods into the human diet.

Vegetarians have faith in the goodness of man. They labor to better his individual and social states. They believe that refraining from eating the

flesh of animals has an extremely beneficial effect on those who desire to progress sufficiently to break that habit. They believe that the higher progress of man is bound up in respect for and proper behavior toward animal life, and that the health and vitality of the race depend upon an intelligent use of the vegetable kingdom. Physiologically, biologically, nutritionally, ethically, religiously, the vegetarians believe it is to the best interest of man to live upon herbs and the fruits of trees, upon things which grow from the earth.

THE CASE AGAINST VEGETARIANISM

BY JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

IT is impossible to argue against vegetarianism as a matter of taste. It is clearly within anyone's constitutional rights to prefer spinach to beefsteak. If a life of asceticism brings with it spiritual joys which the glutton misses, no one should disturb the ascetic on his lonely, frugal path. But when vegetarians claim that animal foods are harmful, one has a right to demand scientific evidence. Proof, not dogma, becomes necessary. Fortunately for carnivorous mankind, such proof is totally lacking.

Vegetarians always delight when one of their number becomes an

octogenarian or a nonagenarian, especially if that person is famous. Actually, the factors responsible for longevity are still shrouded in mystery. All that medicine can say at present is that if you want to live long, you would be wise to choose the right grandparents. The hyper-mature individual, who has lived a long life, is less likely to credit his grandparents with this achievement, however. If he is incessantly steeped in liquor, alcohol will get the credit. If grandma smokes a pipe and lives to ninety, she will testify on the virtues of tobacco. And if a vegetarian eats nothing but beets

and spinach, and survives beyond adult life, beets and spinach will be hailed as having life-giving virtues.

It is from the medical standpoint that vegetarians have the least justification for their position. The term "necrones," as used by the vegetarians, is horrid-sounding but absolutely without scientific meaning. It is a term coined solely to frighten the unwary or repulse the sensitive because of its connotations to "death." Neither in Webster's unabridged dictionary nor in the *American Unabridged Medical Dictionary* can the word "necrones" be found. It has no place in common usage or medical parlance. It exists only in the imagination of the vegetarians.

The end-products of protein digestion are not the bogey-man "necrones" but the perfectly healthful "amino acids." Vegetable proteins or animal proteins, when they are digested, produce chemically-identical amino acids. In nature there are 22 such amino acids, ten of which are absolutely essential to life and health. If even one of these ten is excluded from the diet, nutrition and vitality suffer. Amino acids are the "building blocks of life," and the cells of the body use both animal and plant sources to build new tissues or replace the old ones. As a matter of fact, it is just this *proved* need for amino acids that has been the greatest stumbling

block to vegetarians. *Most plants do not have all the amino acids the human body needs.* Meats do. Unless the vegetarian diet is exceedingly well thought out, nutritional deficiencies are likely to occur. Certainly they are less likely to occur when the diet includes meat as well as vegetables.

Doctors have never contended that plants are unfit to eat or totally lacking in biological value. All they claim is that it is far more difficult to obtain a suitable diet from plants alone than from more mixed rations. Perhaps the best recent evaluation of the subject was made by Drs. Frederick J. Stare and Charles S. Davidson of Harvard Medical School:

The biologic or nutritional value of proteins is dependent on their content of amino acids, particularly those that are essential. Generally speaking, proteins of animal origin which include not only those in meat, both for muscle and glandular tissue, but also those from milk, eggs, fowl and fish, are of higher nutritional value than the commonly used vegetable proteins, since they are "complete." That is, they contain all the essential amino acids. However, vegetable proteins supply many of the essential amino acids and in properly selected diets may supplement one another and result in ingestion of adequate protein. Rats and dogs have been maintained in good health on diets in which the only source of protein has been of vegetable

origin (wheat germ and corn germ) . . . Man generally receives his protein from both animal and vegetable sources, the former from the flesh of various animals, particularly the cow, pig and sheep, and from milk, cheese and eggs, and the latter from the cereal grains, wheat, corn, rye and legumes, such as peas and beans. Variety in the choice of foods is good nutritional practice, and this is particularly true of protein foods because the amino acids of one protein may supplement deficiency of another protein source and thereby furnish a sufficient quantity of the essential amino acids.

As far as can be determined, doctors have never claimed that it is impossible to obtain a complete diet from vegetables. Their only contention is that it is difficult to do so — difficult and unnecessary.

II

The contention that cancer is related to the diet of the individual is without scientific proof. Statistics to show that cancer is less common in Northern than Southern China are meaningless, since they do not account for many additional variable factors. It may very well be that the inhabitants of Northern China, who are largely vegetarians, never live long enough to develop cancer. It may be, for example, that the incidence of tuberculosis or other infectious diseases in Northern China is so great that the popula-

tion is killed off at an age before cancer is likely to develop. I do not say this is so. I simply point out that no correlation between dietetics and the incidence of cancer is possible without consideration of such factors as age, occupation and industrial crowding. If one were willing to make statements simply for the striking effect they might have on the reader, one might cite just as dogmatically that the cause of cancer of the stomach can be found in such indigestible vegetables as onions, radishes and cucumbers. Who hasn't had more bloating and distress (and other symptoms of cancer of the stomach) from eating these foods than from a good lobster or steak dinner? It is simple enough to make statements of this type wildly, even to give them some semblance of scientific accuracy, but where are the facts?

Is there an excess of calcium in the body in old age? Quite the contrary! In old age, the bones lose calcium to such an extent that often the slightest blow causes them to fracture. What type of vegetarian diet will combat gangrene or arthritis? In rheumatoid arthritis, for example, the patient is usually anemic and undernourished; the foods that are richest in protein and iron (meats, for example) are those most likely to restore health. As for heart trouble and high blood pressure, the vegetarian diet is chiefly

healthful because it is low in calories. It is hard to get fat eating spinach. Many patients with high blood pressure or heart disease are overweight, and the reduction in weight is responsible for the improvement. If these patients were to place themselves on any low-calorie diet, they would probably obtain similar results.

A case of Vitamin B deficiency can, of course, be corrected by an adequate vegetable diet; it can be corrected just as easily by a diet rich in pork. Even in this respect, vegetables have no advantage over orthodox diets.

Much has been said recently about the virtues of certain diets in regard to high blood pressure. So much has appeared in the lay press about rice diets that vegetarians might be led to believe there are specific virtues inherent in rice, lacking in all other diets, or that rice is a curative for hypertension. This point has been evaluated by Dr. David Ayman in a recent lecture presented to the American Medical Association. Dr. Ayman found that a rice diet might result in protein deficiency, and if the patient lost protein substances in his urine, such a deficiency might be serious. He stated that all "diets" reduce weight, and therefore reduce blood pressure. The rice diet had no other value "except in an occasional patient."

In regard to the evils of eating "rotten" meats, one can only answer

that the slices of bread around the hamburger are just as old, dead and rotten as the chopped meat. The wheat in bread is macerated, pulverized and chemically treated far more drastically than the meat in the hamburger. If we want to avoid eating "dead" foods, we must swallow our goldfish whole, like Harvard men.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about the "acids" that endanger the human body, especially uric acid, which has caught the popular fancy because its name is so similar to urine, and its implications are distasteful. Small amounts of uric acid, however, are normally present in the blood and are in every way a normal constituent of blood chemistry. In certain severe cases of heart failure or high blood pressure, the blood uric acid increases. That is true. But this does not mean that uric acid *cause* the failure or the higher pressure. More likely, this increase in uric acid is the *result*, not its cause. It is simply another confusion about the cart and the horse.

Another condition in which the blood shows an increase in uric acid is gout; and, to the layman, this conjures up the cartoon of the beef-eating British nobleman whose foot is swathed in thick bandages as he finishes another bottle of wine. "Rich" foods and gout, however, are more popularly associated in popular fiction

than in medical fact. It is far more likely, in gout, that some metabolic defect either interferes with the normal elimination of uric acid, or increases its production from the tissues *within* the body. The food that is eaten has nothing to do with the condition, or is at best a negligible factor. Proof of this fact lies in the recent discovery that an injection of the pituitary extract called ACTH causes a rise in the excretion of uric acid from the body and prompt relief of the symptoms of gout. Whether the victim of gout is a beef-eater or a vegetable-eater, ACTH has the same dramatic therapeutic effect. The myth of uric acid as a noxious *causative* agent has been shattered by medical science.

Although figures are cited to show the great increase in bacteria in different samples of animal flesh, no similar list is provided for rotting fruits and vegetables. If there are 700 million bacteria added to smoked ham and 650 million to hamburger, why not show similar statistics for a rotting pear or a wormy peach? The answer is obvious. Rotten pears and wormy peaches have just as many and just as vile bacteria as any other rotting foods. From still another standpoint, bacteria actually make up a very important part of the process of living. For example, the bacteria that grow within our own digestive tracts syn-

thesize some of the Vitamin B factors and Vitamin K, which is important in blood coagulation. If chemicals such as sulfa or streptomycin are fed by mouth, they have a tendency to sterilize the intestines and kill off the germs in the intestinal tract. If this process is continued for any great length of time, the patient may soon develop signs of deficiency, both in Vitamin B and in Vitamin K. The argument that healthful foods must contain very few germs is entirely without validity. Hamburger is a very useful food, germs and all. And it may be that the germs within it make it all the more useful!

III

The proponents of vegetarianism state: "Milk is produced as food for young animals, and is ordinarily free from harmful substances." This statement is fallacious on at least two counts. According to a recent report from the Milk and Food Section of the United States Public Health Service, milk has caused 988 epidemics in twenty years, accounting for a total of 40,177 victims and 804 deaths. Milk-borne diseases include typhoid fever (440 epidemics, 7449 cases, 541 deaths), streptococcal infections such as scarlet fever and septic sore throat (182 deaths), gastroenteritis, undulant fever, dysentery, diphtheria, and other illnesses. Ac-

cording to John Andrews and A. W. Fuchs, Sanitary Engineers for the Milk and Food Section, "That raw milk can and does transmit disease and that pasteurization prevents such transmission has been proved to the satisfaction of health authorities." Milk that is not pasteurized may be deadly. Diseases transmitted by milk have been far more serious than diseases transmitted by hamburger.

Another objection to milk and eggs as food for adults was once aptly summarized by a noted pathologist: "Milk," he said, "is food for the infant, egg is food for the embryo, and neither is fit for the adult." The reason for this statement lies in the high cholesterol content of these foods. In recent years, scientists have found more and more reason to believe that cholesterol is a causative factor in hardening of the arteries. Milk and eggs are rich in cholesterol. Cases have been reported in which patients taking large amounts of milk for the treatment of peptic ulcers have developed what seemed to be premature hardening of their coronary arteries. Coronary thrombosis, hardening of the arteries, and high blood pressure, are among the leading causes of death today. It might very well be that the virtues of eggs and milk have been oversold to the adult public.

Many of the statements about the

precise health-giving effects of specific vegetables can be relegated to the wastebasket as utter nonsense. On what authority do the vegetarians claim that cucumbers help the complexion? Or that asparagus relieves the lungs, or that beans are therapeutically effective in depressed mental states? Celery is no more a "fine nerve sedative" than fish is "brain food." The savage who eats an animal's heart to be stout-hearted is on a par with the vegetarian who takes garlic for "lung conditions." The physiological facts of digestion are such that all protein foods, whatever the source, are broken down into amino acids which are indistinguishable as to their source by the cells of the body. They are the structural units from which all our tissues are built.

When vegetarians go further and attribute uncomplimentary personality traits to "non-vegetarian humans," they are leaving science completely behind and invading the field of fancy. Carnivorous animals, they state, are "vicious, untrustworthy, surly, unmanageable and difficult to train." But the dog — "man's best friend" — is a carnivorous animal, while the frequently ferocious bull is a ruminating animal. Perhaps the vegetarians do not know that the rooster is prepared for cock fights by being fed grain, not hamburgers. One

could cite countless other examples from biology that would refute the thesis that eating vegetables makes any man or beast calm, cool, or composed. Besides, most human beings would prefer not to vegetate like a potato or an onion. For most human beings, such a vegetative existence signifies the end of living and the beginning of death.

THE WHISTLER

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

You shall hear autumn whistling
out in the wood.
You shall hear one who told you
April was good,

someone who told you summer
was the ripe season,
now with a brisk assertion
gives you warm reason

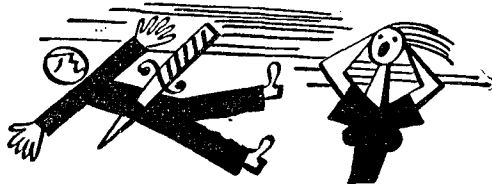
autumn is best: if death is
brave and as bright,
gay as is autumn and dying,
you will invite

spirit of darkness to join you,
running in leaves,
dark in the high flame of autumn;
autumn receives

faith with her free feet dancing,
doubt who is old:
autumn robes every child in
russet and gold.

THE THEATRE

by *GEORGE JEAN NATHAN*



PERSONAL BLUEPRINT

WHAT manner of organism am I? What are my fundamental habits of thought, my tastes, prejudices, predilections, eccentricities — in short, my pitch and tone? The topic does not at all interest me personally, since the attributes in question have been imbedded in me for too many years and, even were I to wish it, it is now too late for them to undergo any change. But it may possibly interest the customers of my critical performances, who, it seems to me, have a right to know the nature of the creature whose opinions, sometimes perhaps very peculiar, they have been buying, inner-sight unseen, for so unbelievable, if gratifying, a stretch of time.

I am, it may be confided at the outset, in many respects the average man — if I do not unduly flatter myself. What has periodically been written about me to the contrary, though sweet in intention, I do not believe.

Though I may have had more experience in various directions than the average brother, it has not much profited or elevated me in any essential way and I remain, for better or worse, largely the original package. That is to say, while my personal philosophy and ideas, such as they are, may differ markedly from the communal norm, their mouthpiece is by habit and in practice at bottom a conventional member of human society. He respects, sometimes against his cynical, better judgment, the time-honored and accepted precepts and, though he sometimes slips from grace, does his damndest to live up to them. He hopes that by and large, whatever his pleasant, happy and contenting departures from what is generally approved, he nevertheless still is what the gods, in their more worldly and rational moments, describe as decent.

Though in no respect sentimentally inclined, your subject does not sub-

scribe to the theory, so popular with the adolescent Strindbergs, that any degree of sentiment is incompatible with a majestic brain and that the man who goes so far as even to allow that a field flower is a rather pretty thing or that a girl with a straight nose and soft hair merits a look is *ipso facto* one with a mind not to be trusted by simon-pure intellects.

Indignation is as foreign to my system as piety or self-satisfaction. That is, indignation towards others, though, when the occasion warrants, it would seem that my dander rises over stupidity, incompetence, and vainglory. What indignation there may be in my chemical composition otherwise is directed rather toward myself and is inspired by the consciousness that, despite certain gifts which I feel are in me, I am not a lot better than I factually am. I have, I think, improved in performance as the years have traveled on, but there is, I am fully aware, a heap of room left, and, though people are occasionally kind enough to contradict me, I am not so chipper as I once was, for all some seeming external evidence to the contrary. I work as hard as ever I did, or at least I think I do, but I sometimes say to myself that, since I have already done what I consider to be my share, I am foolish to do so and not take life a little easier. But I don't listen to myself

and grunt and groan and plod on nevertheless.

The reason, I daresay, is that, being a writer, I can not, like Trigorin, help myself and, since there does not seem to be much chance in my lifetime of anyone instituting a Writers Anonymous, I despair of a cure. As Osbert Sitwell explains the agonizing malady, "An author can never take a holiday. It is impossible for him to become another sort of person; he must absorb and reflect and observe the whole time . . . Even while he is asleep, the writer's subconscious mind is always busily occupied in preparing various ideas to lay before him when he wakes." I shall not be so hypocritical as to say that it is a bore, but it is pretty close to one. The head buzzes with all kinds of what seem transiently to be ideas; a hundred tosses on the pillow eventually give birth to some word to replace the arid one which has been set down in the daylight chore; the old, unbeatable urge to say one's say on paper hastens the breakfast coffee. And to what end — aside from a momentary stimulation, an evanescent smugness — God alone knows.

II

Since, in the very nature of the critical profession, one is faced with bad work out of all proportion to good, it is not possible for the practitioner to

erase from his reader's mind the impression that he is a chronic grumbler or, worse, one who seeks to lift himself to a bogus eminence by demolishing the performances of others. The impression is understandable, but there is no way to prevent it. That is, there is no way to prevent it save one were willing to indulge in equivocation, in false generosity, or in language tricked to make palatable unpalatable fact. I have never been able to persuade myself that contemptible work merits any such strain and courtesy, and as a consequence there are undoubtedly some, indeed perhaps many, who believe that I take a mean delight in what they choose to call destructive criticism.

Though, of course, it is easier, as every critic comes to learn, to write an interesting detractory review than an interesting favorable one, I would be only too happy to exert myself in the latter direction night after night were the occasions to justify it. But it need hardly be mentioned that the great majority of occasions unfortunately do no such thing, and detraction is consequently the only honest course left open. There is, however, a saving and salving personal reflection. If, after more than forty years in practice, such a wealth of detraction were not proved by time to have been sound, I would have lost all my readers long before this, and not only all

my readers but all the many editors who in that protracted period have bought my opinions for good money. It is this thought that consoles me when frequently those opinions are taken icily to task by others.

I read now and then that I have offended this or that complainant by what he terms my air of infallibility. If ever I have given any such impression I assure you that it has been very far from intentional and must have been the result of a deplorable, slipshod manner of expression. Never for a moment have I ever regarded myself as infallible. I have in my day negotiated some of the handsomest bloomers on record, and in all probability will accomplish more of an even greater beauty. I have also, however, in that same period made some admirable guesses, and I am not loathe to admit it. But, though I think that by this time I have learned my job about as well as ever I shall be able to learn it, I no more look upon myself as being always right than I look upon any other man in a like way. My average has not been so bad; in fact, it has been pretty good, if I say so myself; but there nevertheless are on the library shelves some thirty-five or more volumes in which my mistakes are embalmed for posterity.

I have mentioned the subject of my prejudices and predilections. I should

like to be able to say that I am completely free from bias on both counts, but I fear that I can not. I have an open mind, in a manner of speaking, but it has been open for so long now that some bugs have flown in through the doors and windows. Among these insects are, in the first category, a hostility toward the pretentiousness that invests the writings of men who mistake an excessive ambition for high competence; a prejudice against playwrights who seek to palliate their emotional immaturity with injections of the borrowed mature thought of others; a distaste for the kind of dramatic cynicism born of obviously limited experience; and an acute disrelish of popgun revolutionaries, dewy sentimentalists, one-act soapbox philosophers, commercial uplifters, and greasepaint mentalities in general.

But some butterflies have flown in also and in that category are a cordiality toward the daring young fellows who, whether successfully or not, try honestly to express the plays that are in them without regard for the scholastic injunctions of the stand-patters; a warm friendliness toward skeptics of the accepted, popular points of view; an affection for men who do not subscribe to the theory that drama is not literature and who do subscribe to the beauty of language and the surge and burst of the poetic line; a hospitality toward the un-

strained simplicity that so often is just around the corner from profundity and much nearer to it than the strained complexity which frequently passes in the drama for lofty thought; and a respect for any head that has in it, besides a brain, a little of the wayward music that colors and enlivens life.

III

There are, as everyone knows, no morals in art, but art and hack work are two different things and I can not get steamed up, like some of my colleagues, when censorship, albeit intrinsically imbecile, has at some piece of junk on the score of its alleged immorality. Suppression of such rubbish, whether on one ground or another, seems to me to be a desirable thing and, if there is no other way to get the business done than through its morals, I say go ahead, and with my blessing. The notion that if one gives an inch to censorship it will take a mile is not inevitably true, and those who believe it would do well to look up the records of the last American theatrical century. I am constitutionally opposed to censorship *per se*, but I am not so silly as to believe that if it intermittently descends upon such guano as *Sex*, *Pleasure Man*, and the like it will in due and bumptious course seek also to outlaw *Oedipus Rex* and *Measure for Measure*. This is

not to say that at times it has not gone too far and has made itself ridiculous, but in the whole history of our theatre's last one hundred years I can find no more than two plays out of many thousands which in any critical sense have suffered unjustly and, of the two, one was soon given a clean bill of health by the courts and reproduced. Nor in that same history can I find a single instance where, if one of the censored junkpots had not been interfered with, its continued life would in any slightest degree have profited the stage.

Foul claptrap belongs in the garbage can, and I can not see that it matters who puts it there, whether it be censors, police, critics, or the theatre's customers themselves. The people who make it their profession to boil against any and all censorship on any and all occasions impress me as being more than merely obtuse. They lose the general battle by sniping with bean-shooters.

What is hailed in the Broadway theatre as success frequently to my way of looking at things is contemptible failure. A successful play, it seems, is not necessarily one of quality but one, however shabby, that, like chewing gum, hot dogs and Harry Truman, is endorsed by a sufficiently large number of people, many of them of doubtful taste and mentality, to make it a winner. Thus, there is no distinc-

tion between a mere box-office success like *Kiss and Tell* and a box-office plus critical and artistic success like *Strange Interlude*. Successes like *Abie's Irish Rose*, *White Cargo* and *Junior Miss* are lumped under the same label with successes like *Rain*, *The Green Pastures* and *Victoria Regina*. Intrinsic worth does not figure in Broadway's calculations; it is only money that counts — money, money, money, the golden god of tin minds.

It is accordingly often that plays which Broadway sneers at as failures figure among the most reputable and respected plays in the theatre. It is a sorry critic, indeed, who would prefer, for example, a big Broadway success like *Edward, My Son* over a rank box-office failure like *A Highland Fling*, an acclaimed success like *I Know My Love* over a quick failure like *A Sound of Hunting*, or what Broadway labels a smash hit, like *Goodbye, My Fancy*, over what it nominates an immediate dud, like *My Heart's in the Highlands*, *The Beautiful People*, or *Outrageous Fortune*. It has been that way for many years now. The money losers are worthless drama in the Broadway estimate, the money makers are masterpieces. Yet over the years compare, among scores of others, such stark failures as Birmingham's *General John Regan*, Dukes' *The Man with a Load of Mischief*, O'Neill's *Marco Millions* and *The Fountain*,

O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, Porto-Riche's *L'Amoureuse*, and Johnston's *The Moon in the Yellow River* with such triumphant and blessed successes, such box-office record breakers, such Broadway endorsed pearls, as *Seventh Heaven*, *East Is*

West, *Kiki*, *What a Life!*, *Room Service*, *Janie*, and *I Remember Mama*.

I must agree with Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Said that stoic philosopher, reflecting on what so large a portion of mankind calls success: "Success, it stinks."

LAST WORDS

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNING

"Edward will have the carriage here at nine.
The picnic basket's ready in the hall.
Such a good start! I knew the sun would shine.
But don't forget to bring your parasol."
Propped on the pillows, ivory-pale, she smiled,
Her fingers plucking at the counterpane,
Sharing the rapt excitement of a child
Home for the summer holidays again.

In that clear moment of remembrance we
Forgot how darkness had been closing in
Around that room, saw what she still could see
Through time's distortion and through walls grown thin;
Saw something quicken, more than sight, behind
Those eyes that had so many years been blind!

THE SUCCESS MAGAZINES

BY ANN GRIFFITH

APPLIED to today's Success Magazines, the old saying, "Nothing succeeds like success," at last begins to make some sense. About a dozen of these how-to-do and/or be-everything publications are now on the newsstands, and apparently they are succeeding very nicely. Possibly this is due to the remarkable diligence with which a small but zealous band of writers has been tilling the soil that Dale Carnegie first plowed. Carnegie's expanded activities in the book and lecture fields make these disciples look like small-time farmers, but the soil is rich and they are reaping a steady, if modest, living from it. The editors are as indefatigable as the writers. Wilfred Funk, Douglas Lorton, Donald Cooley, and John Green, who list themselves as Editorial Director, Editor, Managing Editor, and Associate Editor, are responsible for *Your Life*, *Your Personality*, *Success Today*, *Woman's Life*, and heaven knows what else. They have been turning out the same pap every month for almost ten years.

It would be ridiculous to infer that these men have faulty memories. They have published too many articles on how to improve your memory, and must surely have absorbed the technique by osmosis. Yet it is common practice for them to publish an article and then republish it some years later, without changing a word. It must be that they, like the minister and his barrel of sermons, operate on the principle of rotation. The only difference between "Four Ways to Gain Power Over People" as published in 1944 and "Four Ways to Gain Power Over People" as it reappears in 1949 is that the author has moved. The biographical note on the earlier appearance begins, "From his laboratory on the banks of the Connecticut River, Dr. Laird has turned out an astounding number of helpful and practical articles and books on many aspects of that endlessly interesting subject — the human personality and its adjustment to all phases of life." The biographical note for the later date begins, "From his labora-

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tory in Lebanon, Ind., Dr. Laird has turned out an astounding number of helpful and practical articles and books on many aspects of that endlessly interesting subject — the human personality and its adjustment to all phases of life.”

It is interesting to speculate on what Dr. Laird keeps in his peripatetic laboratory. Probably hundreds of bottles and jars containing anecdotes, clichés, and examples. His typewriter acts as the bunsen burner on which he mixes, separates, arranges and rearranges his material. Some of the ingredients give one pause. A sample taken from a jar which might be labeled “Let-the-Other-Fellow-Win Stories” goes:

The train stopped at Delphos. A beautifully dressed woman said to the porter, “Is this an emergency stop?” “Train always stops here,” he replied. And, as if that had not been convincing enough, he continued, “I’ll get a timetable and show you. Here, you can see it is a scheduled stop, and we’re right on time. Now you know.” The porter beamed with self-satisfaction to the passengers who had watched him correcting the woman who had asked a simple question. Fifteen minutes later when she left the train at Lima, I noticed she did not give the porter a tip. You can understand why.

Another, selected from the same jar, goes: “The Rothschild family made

money — millions and millions — by letting the other person feel he had won. They grew from small pawn-brokers into a financial house that dominated Europe for more than a century by letting the other chap seem the victor.” The secrets of success are so simple!

Dr. Laird’s principal technique is to pick over the bones of Great Men and get every last bit of meat off them, and then boil them up for soup. “A red-haired Pole,” who turns out to be Paderewski, and Benjamin Franklin are the two from whom, through the years, he has stripped the greatest number of illustrative anecdotes. Franklin, he tells us, was impulsive as a young man. “He would argue at the slightest opportunity. He thought it sharpened his mind. But he quickly learned that it dulled his control over those with whom he argued. He quit arguing, avoiding it even when it was obvious that the other person was glaringly in the wrong. Thomas Jefferson said he never heard George Washington or Benjamin Franklin talk more than ten minutes at a time. Jefferson himself, it might be added, was a good listener.” Conversations among these three gentlemen cannot have been very lively, with everybody silently gaining power over everybody else.

The technique of creating a series of straw men and then knocking them

down has brought Success to many success writers. "Are You an Office Neurotic?," "Do You Run Yourself Down?," "You Don't Have to Answer Personal Questions," "When a Friend Lets You Down," and "How Human Are You?," all show how these authors earn an honest penny by answering questions that would never arise unless they thought them up themselves.

Another favorite device with the Success Magazines is the take-a-number-from-one-to-ten method. If a success writer can present his message as a series of steps, rules, or suggestions, his chances of getting published are fine. With no difficulty at all one can find in these magazines some such progression as this: "The One Way to Bet on Yourself" . . . "Two Secrets Which Determine the Difference Between Success and Failure" . . . "Three Ways to a Richer Life" . . . "Four Secrets Men Won't Tell" . . . "How to Master Your Five Great Fears" . . . "Six Ways to Control Your Temper" . . . "Seven Steps to Make Your Hostess Love You" . . . "Eight Rules to Make You a More Charming Wife" . . . "Nine Ways to Capture and Maintain a High Degree of Personal Joy" . . . "Ten Tips for the Wayward Forties."

This method is so much in vogue that, for certain popular topics, the reader can choose whatever number

of steps he pleases. If he wants, for instance, to be liked, he can find, without going through too many issues, "Ten Ways to Make Friends," "Nine Rules for Popularity," "People Will Like You If You Observe These Eight Basic Courtesies," and so on down the line.

In the Success field, the specialist and the general practitioner flourish side by side. The prolific Dr. Louis Bisch ranges around through quite a variety of topics — "Personality Danger Signals," "Don't Marry an Unsolved Problem," "Strengthen Your Nerves Through Diet," "Six Basic Types of Men," "Stop Tormenting Yourself" — these are only a smattering of the subjects to which he addresses himself. He appears almost every month in about five of the Success Magazines, a record he has maintained for nearly a decade. He, too, is apt to trot out an already-published manuscript after a few years have elapsed, and will allow it to be republished without altering a line, a practice which is not to be wondered at with such a taxing schedule to meet.

On the other hand, specialists like Richard Stockton IV do all right by just reworking the same theme. Thus, in 1944, writing on "The Fine Art of Persuasion," one of his five "basic points" is, and the italics and capitals are his:

They were using Considerate Recognition. It was recognition of a fact that the listener knew to be true, and was inwardly proud of, and, therefore, it created favor when someone else recognized the fact, and appreciated it sufficiently to mention it. *When you recognize something of which your listener is naturally proud, and mention it to show that you appreciate him or her . . . you are using Considerate Recognition.*

By 1949, he has changed the title to "How to Make People Like You," and has expanded the number of "basic points" to ten, but beneath the disguise we still find:

Another strong influence which is based upon interest in other people, rather than in yourself, is that of Recognition. *When you recognize good qualities or achievements in, or connected with, another person, and in which he or she would naturally have an inclination to take pride, if you mention those things in a sincere, complimentary manner, you are using the Recognition Influence.*

(Mr. Stockton is apparently paid by the word.) He has also written a book called *The Science of Influencing People*. His specialty is clear. Whether these authors rotate their crops, like Dr. Bisch, or merely cultivate one, like Stockton IV, the Dale Carnegie soil at least sustains life.

It is bracing, after such mealy-mouthed gentlemen, to come upon

Thyra Samter Winslow. She lets the reader have it, right in the first paragraph: "Of course if you're a girl and unmarried, you are eager for matrimony. But what are you doing about it — patiently waiting in the hope that some day Mr. Right will come along and discover you? If you are, here's news for you: the girl today who sits on a cushion and sews a fine seam is going to have a hard time of it. Men aren't nearly as ready to travel the road to romance as you think they are. If you want a man, you'll have to go after him." And, after a few general tips like this one — "You must smell sweet. Men like the girls they are with to smell fresh and fragrant; they prefer fresh flower scents to Oriental perfumes" — she is off on a briskly practical survey of this "road to romance." "If you can get a job in an office where there are eligible, single men, then you are lucky, and you may be able to marry one of them. But if all the men are attached, old, or unattractive, then move to more favorable hunting grounds." Though she warns that "summer resorts are usually failures, as far as matrimony is concerned," her advice is not all negative. She suggests the divorced man. "If he's been divorced because his wife has found another mate and not because of some obvious fault of his own, he may be just your dish of tea." Another "good marri-

monial possibility" is the torch-carrier. "Some men, deserted by the girls who loved them, are all set for matrimony."

Turning from the personal to the geographical possibilities, she points out that, "if you have relatives in a small town, you might easily go there and grab the town's matrimonial catch." And there is the Midwest or Western University with three to five men for every girl. "With the odds in your favor, and if you're at all within the age limit, I think you've got a good chance of getting your man on the campus. If you're past attempting to win a college man, you might still go to one of the universities and pick off a fine young instructor or professor. They aren't all married, you know." If you don't feel that you are "faculty-wife material," she suggests that you consult the population figures in the *World Almanac*, pick out a city with a favorable man/woman ratio — and then move there.

For those who are unable to move or to enroll in a Western University, she has countless other ideas, including flying lessons. "The men you'll meet on the flying field will be unusually attractive and interesting." Also, "a walk in the park with a cute little well-trained dog and — who knows — you may meet some man who loves dogs too." Her final word: "Please stay away from cocktail bars!

The man who will buy a strange girl a drink in a cocktail bar may laugh and talk with her, but he won't develop into a real friend — and he won't marry her."

Thyra Samter Winslow tackles real problems and tries to provide concrete, if cold-blooded, solutions. Kathleen Norris is another realist. Writing in the December 1943 issue of *Your Life* on "How Can I Get Him Back?," she gives a simple and unequivocating answer. She says you can't. Forget it, go find somebody else, "there is no way to get back a lost sweetheart." She is really convinced of this, too. Writing in the Spring 1948 issue of *Your Personality* on "How Can I Get Him Back?," her answer was the same. In fact, the article was the same.

II

Unfortunately, the Winslow-Norris type of advice is rare in the Success Magazines. Most of the advice belongs to the pull-yourself-together school. There seem to be two broad classifications into which the writing falls. One is composed of articles which tell you to stop doing what you're doing, or start doing what you're not doing. "Don't Be Too Dignified," "Trust Your Backbone," "Be A Little Foolish Now and Then," "Get Rid of Self-Imposed Limitations," "Banish Ghosts That Haunt Your Mind," "Be A More Positive

Personality," "Stop Trying to be Perfect" — these are some of the hundreds of articles that would solve your problems with an impassioned use of the imperative mood. "Tackle your undertaking with a fresh viewpoint and a determination to succeed. No power on earth will then be able to keep you from achieving your goal." If you're a mouse, be a man! If you're shy and self-conscious, overcome it! If you're timid, be brave! If you're nervous, stop being nervous! If you have feelings of inferiority, get over them! "Dig down into your subconscious and see if you can't find the roots of your inferiority complex somewhere in your childhood."

All such commands are furnished with the appropriate armchair psychology, but essentially the advice boils down to this: get hold of those boot-straps and PULL! At least one reader, "J.M., New York," seems to find the fare less than satisfactory. "I venture to ask you: can you get some material into your magazine that would instruct our relatives and friends to dish out reassurances, optimistic stuff, encouragement, instead of the usual 'It's all in your head — just your own imagination — snap out of it!'"

The main reason you are supposed to be *able* to do what you're not doing or not do what you are doing is that someone else has. It may be Ben

Franklin or Fritz Kreisler or Calvin Coolidge, or it may be an anonymous figure, usually named "Tom" or "Mary," but since they did (or didn't) you can (or can't). A most arresting "example" is to be found in an article on self-confidence, in which you are assured that you can become self-confident because Robert Brookings, among others, did.

After making his first million, his self-confidence waned. He was invited more and more to the homes of important people . . . His table manners were best suited to the railroad quick-lunch counter. His language was part hillbilly, mingled with a traveling man's slang. His narrow education was confined to woodenware, and he was lost when he tried to talk about something else . . . He decided it was time to get back his confidence by getting some background. So this young millionaire went to a local college dean, and asked him to prescribe some readings in literature, history and economics. Then each week the dean quizzed him on his studies. Brookings exercised his viability in other ways. He visited a society dowager who was chunky with culture, but who lived in a lavishly furnished mansion with scant income to maintain. "I haven't had the experience to guide me in the kind of society to which I have been admitted [he said, with an enviable command of grammar]. Would you correct my English and manners?"

The other category of Success articles tells "how to" do or be something. These are the ones that, instead of demanding that you *be* charming, try to tell you *how* to be charming. The two categories, naturally, work together, and there is considerable overlapping. To which, for instance, would "Put Your Other Hand to Work" belong? It is an imperative, it enlarges on the necessity for carrying out its command, and it uses the Great Man Example Technique. Sir James M. Barrie, it tells us, used both hands simultaneously, writing dialogue with his right hand and stage directions with his left. But it goes on to suggest "how to" manage this for yourself. Do the dusting with both hands, eat with both hands, etc. Such hybrids defy classification.

However there are plenty of articles that fall unprotestingly into my second category, like "How to Make Up Your Mind." As is so often the case, the answer couldn't be simpler. "Making decisions is easy. Anyone can do it if he has the facts. Facts make the right decision obvious. If you don't have the facts you are guessing and will, by the law of averages, be right only half the time. But you've got to be right oftener than half the time to be successful. Next time you are torn between two courses, two ideas, two issues, two of anything, look to the facts, and then

rest your decision on them." Equally sage counsel is applied to an almost unlimited range of subjects — from "How to Put Over a Funny Story" (ten steps, including "[7] Stand Back and Wait for the Explosion") to "How to Harness Your Subconscious." The latter gives five steps by which you can reach the "top of the ladder," a position that Freud would certainly have envied, for "from this vantage point you are not only able to recognize your unconscious self for exactly what it is, but you are also able to see clearly the motivating force behind every human relationship."

III

Judging by the amount of space devoted to them, the self-tests are the most successful feature of the Success Magazines. Over a period of time, you can find out everything about yourself — whether you are happy, unhappy, a "slave to habit," "emotionally grown up," "pleasant to work with," "in tune with others"; or whether you have a sense of humor, an inferiority complex, a tendency to "dodge reality" — anything you want to know. This rather morbid self-examination is carried out by answering a series of questions and then scoring yourself — if you can.

A test called "Introvert — Extrovert: Which?" is typical: "the degree

to which you are introvertive or extrovertive may be determined fairly well from the following inventory, which is an abbreviated form of the author's introversion-extroversion inventory. College-trained people who score above 20 may be said to be of the introvertive type — those scoring from 21 to 25 inclusive being *fairly* introvertive, and those scoring above 25 being *highly* introvertive. Those who score below 10 may be said to be of the extrovertive type — those scoring from 5 to 9 inclusive being *fairly* extrovertive, and those scoring below 5 being *highly* extrovertive. Those having a score ranging from 10 to 20 inclusive may be said to be of the ambivertive type."

Another scale for non-college trained people is given and, if you can possibly find out what your score is, and translate it into what type you "may be said to be of," the following mumbo-jumbo is the reward: "As a rule, a highly introvertive or a highly extrovertive person does not possess a personality that is as successful as that of the person who is ambivertive, fairly introvertive, or fairly extrovertive."

Those who cannot cope with such delicate shadings can take simpler tests like "How Is Your Efficiency?" In this you have only to add up your tally, and "if you score more than 200, you are more efficient than most

people." That's all there is to it. Nor are the questions in this one too taxing. You have but to answer "Always," "Never," or "Sometimes," to statements like "I answer all letters promptly," "I keep my room well ventilated," "I pay my bills on the same date every month," "I maintain good posture throughout the day," and "I keep my desk or tools neat and orderly."

The validity of these tests is certainly open to question. "How Is Your Husband-Holding Power?" was given recently to three women who have "held" their husbands, without chaining them to a bed-post, for 17, 15, and 8 years, respectively. Two of the ladies missed ten out of the ten questions, but the third lady got one right.

While the writers and editors of these magazines seem to be getting along swimmingly, the same cannot be said for the readers. They do not seem to be solving their problems and making Successes of themselves. Probably in no other "Letters to the Editors" column does such a surly, disgruntled group of readers hold forth. Plenty of grunted letters are published, like "Missing a copy of your magazine is like going to bed without saying your prayers. I carry it with me wherever I go," and ". . . each copy gives me new courage to keep up the pretense of being happy . . .

for my 'stinker' thinks I don't know about his sweethearts." But the editors bravely print such snappy comments as "You would sell more magazines if you didn't make too many mistakes," and "I read the article called 'Why Women Divorce Their Husbands.' I will tell you why women divorce their husbands. Because that is Mother Nature's way of keeping the population from increasing." When the readers really let themselves go, they are apt to produce something like this: "I strongly object to an item I just came across . . . Man is a selfish beast . . . A woman's only weapon is her tongue and it doesn't compare with the filthy language and gossip I have heard from some men . . . Your article was

destructive, not constructive. When men read that, you just give them more reason to justify themselves and make us all wrong. Men are street angels and home devils. I am not a man-hater as I had a good father but a mean husband."

It is unusual that so much adverse comment is printed in the letter columns, but it is not difficult to see what prompts it. Apparently people do turn to these magazines for advice, and in most cases their frustration can only be increased by the kind of double-talk they find. More often than not, the advice they receive is no more tangible than this typical pronouncement: "The reason so many marriages fail is because people do not know how to make them succeed."

PHRASE ORIGINS—61

IN HOCK: *The Hock-Days are the second Monday and the second Tuesday after Easter Sunday. Hock Days were celebrated in England from at least the fourteenth century by humorous methods of collecting money for the parish. Until this specific method was forbidden by statute, the women would seize the men on Hock Monday, and the men would seize the women on Hock Tuesday, setting them free only after the payment of a small sum known as "hock money."* The name of the practice offers a wonderful temptation to the amateur etymologist to deduce that "in hock" meaning "pawned," and therefore held in custody until a sum has been paid, is derived from the old English custom. Unfortunately, there is no evidence to that effect. The phrase "in hock" is not English, and is not even found in the main volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary. It is duly recorded in the Supplement and in Webster's as an Americanism. It comes from the Dutch word hok, "a hovel," "a prison." In gamblers' slang of the last century, "in hock" meant to be beaten, to be in debt, and finally, "in pawn."

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE "FRINGE" RELIGIONS

BY ALSON J. SMITH

A NEVER-FAILING source of wonder to the European is the number and variety of religious sects in this country. The United States census recognizes 212 separated denominations, and there are at least forty more that are not listed because they refuse to disclose their membership figures. Only in India is there a comparable proliferation of sects and cults. A casual survey of the church page of any metropolitan newspaper on a Saturday night discloses a riotous and joyous confusion of tongues that might easily persuade the stranger to these blessed shores that he had arrived at a reincarnation of the Tower of Babel. On the Sabbath, the paper tells him, he can witness the materialization of his dead mother, have his horoscope interpreted, learn how to breathe correctly, find out what hell looks like, get a preview of Armageddon, hear a sermon on Nostradamus, learn to speak with tongues, handle snakes, and get cured of alcoholism. All in addition, of course, to the standard Sunday routines of the

Catholics, Methodists, and Presbyterians.

Ninety-one per cent of all church members in America belong to the 24 largest denominational bodies. But it is the 7 million who are affiliated with the other 188 sects, and the 3 to 5 million who are connected with the unlisted cults, that provide most of the color to the religious scene in this country. And it is these so-called "fringe" groups that show the largest percentage of increase in membership. While the major bodies lose members, remain stationary, or report small increases, the sects bound ahead with startling increases up to 600 per cent. The multiplication of "store-front" churches is one of the major social phenomena of our time.

Most of the sects, it goes without saying, are small. The Primitive Friends have one congregation and 25 members, and the Bullockite Free Will Baptists have two churches with 36 members. The Spiritualists, however, claim about 150,000 members, and Jehovah's Witnesses, while not

THE REVEREND ALSON J. SMITH'S article, "What's Right with the Ministry," appeared in the October MERCURY. His Faith to Live By was published last year by Doubleday.

giving out any figures, were able to draw 115,000 delegates to a recent convention in St. Louis. They have a press in Brooklyn which has a daily capacity of 20,000 bound books and 150,000 pamphlets and an annual output of 20 million pieces of literature.

Many of the cults are comparatively unknown. Whoever heard of The Apostolic Overcoming Holy Church of God, or the Two-Seed-In-The-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, or the Church of Daniel's Band? And many of them hold to exotic doctrine which can appeal only to an élite. The Church of the Living God and Christian Workers for Fellowship, for instance, insists that Jesus was a Negro, for was He not descended from David, and did not David once say: "I am become as a bottle in the smoke?" The Amish Mennonites regard buttons, suspenders, and top buggies as devices of the devil, and any member who insists in dashing about the countryside with his buggy-top down is considered in schism. The River Brethren are split into "one mode" and "two mode" groups, the former holding that in the ritual foot-washing the same elder should both wash and dry, and the latter insisting that each act must be performed by a different individual. The Church Triumphant holds to something called "Koreshanity" and teaches that we

live on the inside of a hollow world. And so it goes.

Sectarianism in the United States, while assuming myriad forms, can be said to divide in general along two broad lines — the esoteric (Spiritualism, Theosophy, etc.) and the Perfectionist-Premillennialist (Seventh Day Adventist, Jehovah's Witnesses, Father Divine, etc.). The former represent the deviationism of the upper classes which, lacking little in this world, are principally concerned with the next one and are irritated because the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches do not speak with a very certain voice on the matter. The latter represent the dissatisfaction of the poor with the middle-class structure of the conventional churches; the perfectionist cults elevate the necessities of their class — frugality, parsimony, humility, hard work — into virtues by means of which they will be saved. The vices that they are barred by their poverty from embracing thereupon become the worst of sins; those who *can* afford them will perish from them.

II

Spiritualism, the mother of most of the cults in the upper economic brackets, originated in 1848 in that incubator of the occult, upstate New York. In the village of Hydesville in that year, two little girls, Margaret

and Katie Fox, professed to hear a series of loud, percussive knocks which could not have been produced by any human agency. The rappings always occurred just after the children had retired for the night, and were loudest in the immediate vicinity of the large double bed which they occupied. On one particular night, the ghostly knockings were so loud that they attracted the attention of the girls' parents, who at once came in. The raps went on, and the girls, so used to these intimations of immortality by this time that they had no fear, made a sort of a game out of it. "Mr. Split-foot, do as I do!" one of them cried, snapping her fingers. Answering raps were immediately heard. Two snaps of the fingers were answered from the Other World by two raps, three by three, etc. The senior Foxes, certain that they were witnessing a miracle, called in the neighbors, and Spiritualism was off and running.

In no time at all, the little cottage had become a shrine. The Fox girls themselves became the first mediums, and, under the efficient management of a married sister from Rochester, went on tour, demonstrating spirit materializations, giving séances, etc. Hundreds of new mediums sprang up in competition; occult phenomena suddenly appeared everywhere. In Connecticut, a Rev. Dr. Phelps discovered that "spirits" had made a

shambles of his manse; they had smashed the windows, tossed the furniture about, caused letters to drop from the ceiling, and opened an umbrella and sailed it through the air for a distance of 25 feet. Turnips with ghostly hieroglyphics inscribed on them grew out of the dining room floor. A member of the Phelps family, on going upstairs to an empty bedroom, was not too surprised to find there "eleven figures of angelic beauty," each with an open Bible in front of it. Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Poughkeepsie Seer" and Spiritualism's leading theologian, was summoned to Connecticut to interpret the writing on the turnips. In Dover, Ohio, one Jonathan Koons invented a "spirit machine" to receive messages from the other world, thoughtfully providing phosphorus for the spirits to dip their hands in so that there could be no mistake about their manifestations. His ingenious machine attracted the attention of a band of particularly old spirits who had lived on earth before Adam. Each night these ancient shades would sing choruses for the faithful gathered about Koon's machine, providing "a foretaste of heaven on earth." The spirits even put out magazines, the *Spirit Messenger* and the *Star of Truth*, being published in Springfield, Massachusetts, and allegedly "edited and composed by Spirits."

Today the Spiritualist Churches in the United States are organized in thirteen associations with some 700 affiliated local churches. The headquarters of the sect is at Lily Dale, New York, the original cottage shrine having been moved there from Hydesville. According to its leaders, Spiritualism is "a science, a philosophy, and a religion." The gist of its belief is that "after death we become spirits living an eternal life very much like this earthly one in a spirit world which is a perfect replica of our own."

That all of this grew out of a monumental fraud is of little moment. In 1851, Margaret Fox, in a sworn statement to the New York *Herald* (published April 17) confessed that she and her sister had produced the rappings by cracking their toe and knee joints and by tying apples to strings and then bouncing them surreptitiously on the floor. In 1888, she gave a demonstration at the New York Academy of Music of how the rappings were produced. A book called *The Death Blow to Spiritualism* appeared soon after that with the *imprimatur* of the Fox sisters. But it was too late to stop Spiritualism, which bowled merrily along, pulling in converts right and left. Some of these were distinguished men of science and letters like Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and A. Conan

Doyle. Their interest, however, was more scientific than religious, and was better expressed through such intellectually respectable organizations as the British Society For Psychic Research than through the Spiritualist movement.

III

One of the principal offshoots from the Spiritualist branch is Theosophy. This esoteric sect, which now numbers more than 1400 branches with several hundred thousand adherents all over the world, owes its origin to a remarkable Russian woman by the name of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky who possessed a razor-sharp brain. In 1873, when Madame Blavatsky was in Paris, a spirit spoke to her and told her to go to America and found a new religion. Not one to argue with a spirit, Madame picked up and came to New York, where, with two pupils named H. S. Olcott and W. Q. Judge, she founded a "Miracle Club," out of which grew the Theosophical Society.

Madame humbly disclaimed sole responsibility for the new revelation. Theosophy, she said, was "the fruit of the work of thousands of generations of Adept Seers." Its central affirmation was a belief in the transmigration of souls from one manifestation to a higher or lower manifestation, according to good works or lack of same

while in the flesh. The gradual purification of soul was to take place through this process of reincarnation, thus making possible a vastly improved human society. This doctrine Madame Blavatsky claimed to have received from the "Trans-Himalayan Masters of Wisdom" whom she had encountered in Tibet. These Masters, or "Mahatmas," spoke to the world only through their chosen vessel, Madame Blavatsky.

The Mahatmas were fortunate in their choice of a vessel. HPB, as she was affectionately known to Theosophists, was a loud, positive, and intelligent woman, and she ran the affairs of the Society with an iron hand until her death, or "recall," in 1891. Theosophists hold that she was "recalled" because they were unworthy of her. But even after her "recall" she was active in the affairs of the Society, and in 1896 there was published *The Posthumous Memoirs of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, Dictated from the Spirit World, upon the Typewriter, Independent of All Human Contact, Under the Supervision of G. W. N. Yost.*

Heresy reared its ugly head shortly after HPB's recall. In 1895, W. Q. Judge, one of the original disciples, produced letters from the Mahatmas naming him as HPB's successor. Col. Olcott, who had taken over the leadership, claimed that Judge had

faked the letters and that he (Olcott) was still the Adept Seers' number one boy. Mrs. Annie Besant, ex-wife of an English clergyman and a prominent member of the Freethinkers Society, had joined the Theosophical movement in 1891 (as a result of reviewing one of HPB's books for the *Pall Mall Gazette*) and had become something of a power in it; she sided with Olcott, and Judge withdrew from the Society, taking most of the American members with him. This splinter group set up in business at Point Loma, California, under the name of the "Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society." In 1907, Mrs. Besant took over what was left of the original group and in 1917 gave the whole movement a tremendous shot in the arm by locating the "World Teacher" in the person of a young Indian by the name of Krishnamurti. The young man was alleged to be able to leave the carnate body at will to commune with the Mahatmas in the nether regions. He never stirred up much of a fuss in the materialistic USA (although he was once introduced at an American Legion convention as "a mystic and a regular fellow"), but he created quite a furor among Theosophists abroad.

Anthroposophy, out of Theosophy by Spiritualism, is the most erudite and occult of all the cults. Today from an American headquarters in :

very swanky section of New York's Madison Avenue, it propagandizes the upper classes with a steady stream of pamphlets from the pen of the late Rudolph Steiner, a German philosopher and occultist. Steiner, a many-sided man, was the first president of the German Theosophical Society. He was also a well known Goethe scholar, pedagogue, and writer of mystery plays. However, he decided that Theosophy under the leadership of Mrs. Besant was getting too involved with Hinduism, and he left the Society in 1913 to found his own movement, which he called "Anthroposophy" — the science of Man. His philosophy is so complicated as to be almost inexplicable in fewer than several thousand words, representing as it does an extraordinary synthesis of Theosophy, fresh occult intuitions, and certain motifs of nineteenth-century German thought. It aims to develop special organs of cosmic sight (called "lotuses") in order that the higher worlds of spirit may be apprehended and the traces left by great spiritual events in the "cosmic ether" discerned — for instance, the "anti-Lucifer impulsions" given by Buddha, Zarathustra, Plato, and Christ, and the "regenerative solar influence of the blood shed in the mystery of Golgotha."

Anthroposophy has never caught on in either the United States or

Great Britain, but it is the fastest-growing cult in postwar Germany, where its popularity rivals that of Existentialism in France. Many students, artists, writers, and professors are affiliated with it.

IV

Most of the cults which emphasize healing have roots somewhere in Spiritualism. Or, to be more exact, they have roots in the teachings of an angular New Hampshire Yankee, Phineas Parkhurst Quimby by name. About the middle of the nineteenth century, Quimby, a man of meager education but a very original thinker, was supposed to be dying of consumption. He healed himself by denying the reality of his disease. Sickness, he claimed, was only "wrong belief." Upon recovery, he combined his "right thinking" with Mesmerism and toured the country with a colleague named Lucius Burkmer. He would hypnotize Burkmer, and while in the hypnotic trance Burkmer would accurately diagnose disease. Quimby claimed that Burkmer could look into the human body "as through a window" and could also go from point to point without passing through intermediate space. The laws governing the practice of medicine being somewhat looser then than they are now, Quimby and Burkmer went up and down the land diagnosing various

illnesses and treating patients by showing them that their illnesses were not real but merely the unfortunate result of wrong thinking. Quimby attributed all sickness to "error" and called his system "Christian Science." It worked surprisingly well, and it was not long before Quimby had gathered about him a large and loyal core of believers, among them a frail, pretty and much-married poetess by the name of Mary Baker Eddy.

Quimby's "Christian Science" cured Mary Baker Eddy of all the various ills that had afflicted her, including hysteria, from which she had suffered since childhood (she had been kept out of school by her father on the grounds that her brain was too large for her body and that harm might result from too much education). Quimby thereupon passed to his reward, leaving his movement in the hands of the ex-poetess. They were exceedingly capable hands.

Mary Baker Eddy brought to Quimby's "Christian Science" the kind of organizing ability that the founder had lacked. She also brought to it the rigidity of her childhood Calvinism, and the appealing mother-emphasis of Shakerism. She gave it a sacred book (*Science and Health*) and a "key to the scriptures" which flew in the faces of biblical scholars with an allegorizing in which the Ark became "the idea, or reflection of

truth," the Tower of Babel "self-destroying error," Canaan "a sensuous belief," etc.

The Shakers, who had a colony near Mrs. Eddy's childhood home, undoubtedly influenced her greatly. They regarded Ann Lee, their founder, as the female principle of God and greater than Jesus. They prayed to "Our Father and Mother which art in heaven." They called their founder "Mother Ann," just as Mrs. Eddy later insisted on being called "Mother Eddy." Their original establishment was called the "Mother Church," and later (1879) when the First Church of Christ Scientist was organized by Mrs. Eddy in Boston, it was also known as the "Mother Church" — which it is to this day.

"Christian Science," as interpreted by Mrs. Eddy, denied the reality of all evil. Evil was simply an "unripe good." Sin and pain were both "unreal," since the senses testified to them and the senses were the result of "mortal mind" (wrong thinking) and not of the "divine mind" (right thinking). Man is "God's spiritual idea," and since he belongs by right to an order in which there is neither sin nor sorrow nor death, such things have no reality for him save as he admits them.

"Christian Science" is really a form of suggestion and, like the suggestion

of psychiatry, it works for many people whose afflictions are primarily functional rather than organic. Today, with its hundreds of thousands of upper-bracket adherents, its erudite "practitioners" and "readers," its hundreds of fine-looking white churches, its intelligently edited daily newspaper (the *Christian Science Monitor*) and its large publishing plant, it is easy to forget — and forgive — the questionable Scriptural interpretation on which it is based. The illogical fact that Christian Science accepts the testimony of the senses as to *health* but denies their testimony as to *sickness* does not seem to bother most "Scientists."

Another and much looser interpretation of Quimby's teachings was given to the world through Mrs. Eddy's fellow-disciple, Julius Dresser. Dresser could not accept Mrs. Eddy's definition of the Founder's principles, and in 1894 he began publishing a little magazine in Melrose, Massachusetts, called *New Thought*. A number of ex-Quimbyites who were dissatisfied with "Christian Science" rallied around him, and the first "New Thought" Society was organized as "The Church of the Higher Life" in Boston in 1894. The movement spread westward, where it was known as "Divine Science" or "Practical Christianity," and to England, where it was called "Higher Thought."

"Higher Thought" or "Divine Science" differed from "Christian Science" in that it did not deny the reality of matter, evil, suffering, etc., nor did it distinguish between the divine and mortal minds. It borrowed from the Eastern mystics the idea that suffering was the result of struggle, and its disciplines were — and are — the disciplines of the mystic. Dresser would have no truck with Mrs. Eddy's involved interpretations of the Scriptures, and he did not try to create any holy book of his own. "New Thought's" key words were Harmony, Realization, Affirmation, and Poise. The movement was loosely organized and vague, representing a sort of a union of Quimby's "right thinking" with the mysticism of India. Today, "New Thought" or "Divine Science" is a small sect with a mystical emphasis that appeals principally to apostates from Christian Science, Theosophy and Spiritualism, or to those who would like to wade a little in the occult without swimming therein.

v

"New Thought" or "Divine Science" gave birth to what is perhaps the most vigorous of the present-day faith-healing, right-thinking cults — Unity.

In 1891, a tubercular couple by the name of Charles and Myrtle Fillmore

were holding a meeting of their "Divine Science" group, which they had named "The Society of Silent Help," in Kansas City. Although they had both practiced the "Affirmations" of Dresser's "Divine Science" faithfully, neither had actually received much help, silent or otherwise. On this particular evening, however, Charles Fillmore suddenly broke the silence of the group by uttering a single word — "Unity!" It came to him, he said, like a revelation. From then on, the Society of Silent Help became the Society of Silent Unity, and the little magazine which they had been publishing, called *Modern Thought*, was rechristened *Unity*.

Fillmore, who had dabbled in Spiritualism, defined "Unity." It was, he said, "the Unity of the soul with God, the unity of all life, the unity of all religions, the unity of spirit, soul, and body, and the unity of all men in the heart of truth." That seemed to cover about everything. Both Charles and Myrtle Fillmore then proceeded to cure themselves of tuberculosis by "affirming health" and repeating the phrase: "I am a child of God and, therefore, I do not inherit sickness."

The *materia medica* of Unity goes something like this: there is a thought-cause for every ill. Cross-eyes are caused by an inner crossing of thoughts; deafness is caused by selfishness clogging the ears; hard-hearted-

ness causes hardening of the arteries, etc. As a talisman for the cure of such ailments, Fillmore developed the "Red Leaf" — a sheet of bright red paper on which "Healing" and "Prosperity" thoughts were written, in addition to the following statement:

This leaf has been spiritually treated by the Unity Society members in Kansas City. It is charged with healing thought power and will connect all who use it with the Jesus Christ consciousness. Hold it in your hands while repeating over and over the words of truth and you will feel the power of the Holy Spirit and the promise of Jesus Christ will be fulfilled in you according to your faith.

The "Red Leaf" got Fillmore and Unity into a little difficulty with the medical authorities, but he retaliated by comparing it with the spittle with which Jesus anointed the blind. "Place it upon the nerve center nearest the affected part and mentally affirm: 'Spirit-Mind Illumines and Heals.' Wherever the pain, there place the Red Leaf!" The skeptics hooted, but Fillmore got away with it.

Today there are "Unity Centers" everywhere — 21 in California, 12 in Missouri, 10 in Florida, 9 in New York, 9 in Ohio, and others scattered throughout the 48 states. Unity denies that it is in any sense a "church," but there are flourishing

Unity "churches," complete with Sunday Schools, in cities like New York, Detroit, and Los Angeles. In addition to the magazine *Unity*, there are such publications as *Weekly Unity* (for neophytes), *Wee Wisdom* (for children), *Good Business* (practical Unity), *Progress*, and the *Daily Word* (daily devotions). Unity's missionary movement, the "Silent-70," is responsible for 500,000 mailings a year. There are no collections and no paid ministry, but a "love offering" box is a conspicuous part of all Unity Centers and churches. Headquarters is at Unity City, a 1300-acre, country-club-like establishment seventeen miles northwest of Kansas City, which is managed by Lowell Fillmore, son of the founder. People anywhere who are sick, in trouble, or desirous of business success, are invited to put in a phone call to Unity Center and receive in return the immediate "affirmations" for health, success, etc., of everybody on the premises.

Among the other offshoots from Spiritualism are Baha'i, the Rosicrucians, Psychiana, and shoals of independent yogis, swamis, soothsayers, healers, mahatmas, mediums, and fortune-tellers. That such a colorful variety of religious impulse should date back to a palpable fraud is striking testimony to the vitality of the will to believe. It is also testimony to the obvious fact that a large, and by

no means unintelligent, section of the human race believes that beneath the mountain of fraud and fakery there is a kernel of truth which, if it can be found and demonstrated, will profoundly change human life and thought. Hence the Societies for Psychic Research, and the new science of Parapsychology — Spiritualism's respectable cousins.

VI

The source of the other mainstream of American sectarianism is to be found in the gory imagery and tortuous numerology of an old soldier of the War of 1812 by the name of William Miller. Miller, a man of limited education, got religion and became a Baptist preacher; he thereupon searched the scriptures and came up with the startling information that the world was coming to an end in 1843. He proved his thesis with sage references to the Books of Daniel and Revelation, and so impressed a number of the Baptist brethren that they promptly forsook the old ecclesia and set up a new "Adventist" church, meanwhile selling their property, buying pure white "annunciation" robes and otherwise preparing themselves for the *Dies Irae*. When 1843 passed into history and nothing happened, Miller went back over his figures, found his error, and stated that 1844 was positively the correct

year. When 1844 produced nothing out of the ordinary, Miller refused to set another date and tried to discourage his followers from doing so, but without notable success. They held a convention at Albany in 1845 and promptly split into seven separate Adventist groups, all of which have been setting dates for the end of the world ever since. Today there are at least 40 sects, with a combined membership of over a million, which adhere to some form of premillennarianism.

The premillennialist faith is admirably fitted to appeal to those whose earthly life is drab. It holds that the function of Christians is to make ready a "true church," a little body of saints (or "witnesses") to fight against Satan with Christ when He comes again to earth. This Second Coming will take place when the earth has become so unspeakably fouled up that no further human degradation is possible. Christ will then come "with a shout," not to the world, but to the "upper air" just above the world. Here He will snatch up the "true church," living and dead, and the whole company of the saints and witnesses will remain suspended in the "upper air" for a period of seven years, enjoying what Adventists call "the rapture."

While the faithful are rapturing, the bad old earth will be taken over

by the Devil and his cohorts. The Anti-Christ will appear and set up headquarters at Babylon (Asia Minor, not Long Island) and proceed to devastate the world. At this point, Christ and the "true church" will descend from "the rapture," amidst flames, shoutings, and trumpet blasts. The Anti-Christ will be routed and Babylon sacked by the saints; Satan will be captured, chained, and finally banished to the lower regions, and with him will go "the beast" and "the false prophet." The Satanic host will be completely destroyed, Christ will sit upon a temporal throne in Jerusalem, and the glorious millennial reign will begin.

The largest and most active of the premillennarian sects is the group known today as "Jehovah's Witnesses." Founded as "The International Bible Students" by Pastor Charles Taze Russell in 1874, the Witnesses are first-century Christian in their intransigence. They refuse to salute the flag or serve in the Army. They stand on the street-corners of every city in the land and hawk their tracts, *Watchtower* and *Consolation*, braving with equal stoicism the caprices of the weather and the scorn of passersby. They spatter rocks, signboards, and barns with apocalyptic slogans like "MILLIONS NOW LIVING SHALL NEVER DIE." They go from door to door playing phonograph

records of speeches by the leader who succeeded Russell, Judge Joseph Franklin Rutherford. Many a record — and many a phonograph, for that matter — has been smashed over the head of a Witness who retreats in reproachful silence, smug in the knowledge that he has “witnessed” and that an awful retribution is in store for his assailant. They badger the Roman Catholics relentlessly with intimations that Rome is “the beast” of prophecy. At their national conventions, whole cities are evangelized; at St. Louis recently, 115,000 Witnesses divided up the city and knocked at the door of every home and apartment within a radius of forty miles. In 1940, in Detroit, they hired the city’s largest swimming pool for a baptismal service and dipped 2500 converts under the water.

VII

An Adventist group which does not look for a Second Coming because it is not through with the first one yet is the Peace Mission movement of Father Divine. Father is indubitably here, and if he does not exactly look like God, he reads the part letter-perfect. The exact number of his followers is unknown, but it is altogether likely that the Peace Missioners outnumber Jehovah’s Witnesses. There are 30 missions in New York,

25 in Philadelphia, 7 in California, and others in Connecticut, the District of Columbia, Maryland, Florida, Minnesota, Iowa, Washington, Canada, the British West Indies, England, Australia, and Switzerland.

Father Divine himself is a bald, chunky, dignified little man with a pleasant, chocolate-brown face. There is no record of his birth, and he himself says that he wasn’t born but was “combusted on the corner of Forty-second Street and Lenox Avenue” — streets which, to the fallible mortal eye, do not intersect. However, the best evidence is that he was born plain George Baker on a rice plantation in the Savannah River country about 1880. He began his present career in Hempstead, Long Island, in 1932, when he was holding a meeting in a house and made so much noise that an unsympathetic neighbor yelled for the police. Father was hailed before a judge who rashly sentenced him to jail for disturbing the peace. A few days later the judge dropped dead. “I hated to do it,” said Father sadly. A few other instances of the same sort established his divinity beyond reasonable doubt. He proclaimed his mission on earth:

I came to all men and all nations that they may be even as this leaves me, Well, Healthy, Joyful, Peaceful, Lively, Loving, Successful, Prosperous and Happy in Spirit, Body, and Mind

and in every organ, muscle, sinew, joint, limb, vein and bone and even in every atom, fibre, and cell of My bodily form.

The Peace Mission movement is a Perfectionist cult, and those who come to live in Father's "Kingdoms" must lead exemplary lives. They must change their names to more fitting cognomens, like Pearly Gates, David Peace, Noah Frankness, Virgin Rose, and Joyful Job, and must eschew the traditional "hello" and "good-bye" for the simpler, more biblical "Peace." They must lead new lives, too, and if they have cheated anybody they must make amends before they can enter the "Kingdom." Even married couples must give up sex so that they can live "pure" lives and devote themselves to Father's work. In spite of the Lucullan feasts that Father sometimes puts on (up to 60 courses), the movement is fundamentally ascetic. Its theology is the simple affirmation that Father Divine is God and that God is no piker. Nobody knows where all the money comes from and Father has never been caught soliciting any. In fact, a good deal of his literature carries the injunction: "Send me no money!" However, a series of cooperative farms, plus a number of fairly wealthy converts "of the lighter complexion" would seem to provide the answer.

Regardless of what one may think of his claim to divinity, it cannot be denied that Father Divine has done more than any other man of this generation to lift the general moral level of Harlem. He has succeeded where the orthodox churches have miserably failed.

After the esoteric and perfectionist-premillennialist, a distinctly lesser grouping would be the utopian sects (Doukhobors, Hutterites, Shakers, etc.) which endeavor to combine personal piety with some form of communal social life. Some of these groups, like the Doukhobors, also have Adventist tinges. In 1902, 1600 naked Doukhobors started on a pilgrimage to meet "The Messiah" in northern Canada; many died before the government persuaded them to return to their communities. These cults are growing smaller, however, and have had little influence on American life.

Why are there so many sects and cults in the United States, and why (with the exception of the utopians) are they growing so rapidly?

The answer to the first part of the question is this: the Protestant Reformation introduced men to the idea of freedom of conscience and taught the priesthood of all believers, but it did not provide them with a place where they could exercise that freedom or actually *be* priests. The

Protestant State churches in Germany and England that succeeded Roman Catholicism were quite as repressive as the old establishment. But when the United States came into being, these principles found a geographical homeland. Religious liberty and separation of State and church were written into the United States constitution. True, even here in the early days there was considerable opposition to the new sects, but dissidents were free to push on Westward, which many of them did. The proliferating sects are actually children of the Bill of Rights.

Today the sects grow faster than the orthodox churches because they have picked up two of mankind's oldest and most tenacious religious ideas

where the churches, seeking intellectual respectability, have dropped them — life beyond the grave, and the imminent end of the world. As the rich apostate towards Spiritualism and the poor towards Jehovah's Witnesses, orthodox Protestantism becomes an increasingly middle-class movement and consequently less attractive to upper and lower classes.

Is all this bad? Not altogether. The sects are sometimes a nuisance, but they are the legitimate fruit of the Tree of Liberty. To curb their freedom is to place the freedom of all of us in jeopardy. The cults are our first line of defense against the kind of church-statism that has stunted the development of free religious institutions in Europe for generations.

INVITATION

BY SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

Now let us pluck the fruit of silence
Trembling high on the lonely bough,
Linger to taste what time has ripened,
Heedless of scythe and rake and plough.

Let us go forth to nameless Edens,
Pastures uncharted, shores unguessed
Where love is a whisper, and death the fiery
Fall of stars in the quiet west.

"YOU SEE, JUDGE, IT WAS LIKE THIS—"

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

THE bar of justice is an even greater stimulus to the imagination than the kind with the brass foot-rail. There's plenty of proof to sustain this contention. The archives of our legal tribunals bulge with astounding alibis, extraordinary excuses, and dumfounding "didn't-go-for-to-do-its," as the late Judge Corrigan of New York used to term these explanations.

No matter how incriminating the circumstances, criminals can usually come up with something in extenuation. Or they may go even further, and contend that they were moved only by the purest and most commendable motives. Or, that it was all an unfortunate accident.

Like, for instance, the "pocket diver" caught by two detectives with his hand in the "prat kick" of his victim.

"Do you mean to say that these officers are not telling the truth?" the magistrate demanded.

"Oh, no sir," the defendant answered. "But I had indigestion."

"You don't say! And just what is

the relationship between an upset stomach and having your hand in a stranger's pocket?"

"Well, you see, sir, the indigestion made me dizzy, and I grabbed a nearby bench to steady myself."

"So?"

"And my hand slipped and went into the man's pocket."

"But when you pulled it out his wallet was in it. Was your indigestion so acute?"

"Yes, Your Honor, it was terrible. When my hand slipped inside his pocket I had a spasm of pain. My fingers closed convulsively on his wallet. I tried to shake it loose, but my fingers had become rigid."

"Six months," the magistrate intoned. He didn't even smile. Neither did the court attachés. They had heard hundreds of such bizarre explanations. It was an old, old story to them.

Would it be possible, the layman might ask, for a man caught shinnying up a porch to the second floor of an apartment at three in the morning to

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come up with an excuse. It would be. And Harrison Jackson,¹ of Birmingham, Alabama, did. "I forgot my key, Your Honor," he told the judge, "and I didn't want to disturb my wife by ringing the bell. Just as the policeman came along I realized I had made a mistake, and that it wasn't my house." The court remained excusably skeptical when a detective testified that Jackson lived in a basement apartment about two miles from where he made his regrettable mistake.

Similarly unconvinced was the judge who heard the case of George Sandroval, charged with snatching the purse of a young woman in New York City's Central Park. The young woman had screamed. A nearby patrolman caught the snatcher *and* the purse before he'd gone a hundred feet. Sandroval shook himself loose and ran. The officer fired a couple of shots at him, missed and started in pursuit. He caught him a few minutes later, up to his shoulders in one of the park's lakes.

"Not guilty," Sandroval pleaded.

"If you aren't guilty, why'd you run away and jump into the lake?" the magistrate queried, not unreasonably.

On the surface it seemed unanswerable. Sandroval answered, "I always jump into water when I hear shots.

You see, Your Honor, it's the safest place."

"I know a safer one — where it's perfectly dry," the judge told him. Sandroval didn't have to ask where it was. He'd been there before.

II

Hugh Cavanagh, a "five-time loser," and a fifteen- or twenty-time "almost loser" (where the evidence wasn't sufficient to convict), would probably have looked upon Sandroval as a sissy. Because when Cavanagh stole, he *stole*. And not mere purses either. "He, the aforesaid Cavanagh," the indictment read, "did then and there purloin and take a street repair appliance known as a steam roller, such steam roller belonging to and being the property of the city of Chicago."

"I plead guilty," Cavanagh said. "But I had no intention of stealing it, Your Honor."

"You were driving it away when you were arrested, weren't you?"

"That's right, sir. But I was applying for a job and wanted to look my best."

"I see. You wanted to impress your prospective employer by driving up to his place in a steam roller?"

"Oh, no. I wanted it to press my trousers."

The gleeful spectators were sternly silenced by the court attachés. Cavanagh went to jail.

¹Fictitious names have been used throughout, for reasons which are obvious. — J. F. F.

Another gentleman caught with the goods — green goods this time — was Albert Allibini, whom Captain Wright, long head of the Secret Service in Baltimore, loved to refer to as “Alibi” Allibini. It took Wright a long time to catch up with him. Finally, however, he located the plant where his man was turning out reasonable facsimiles of folding money. With two local cops, he raided the place, and Allibini was caught in the act of printing a batch of tens. The room was full of dies, tools, stamps, ink, paper, and other paraphernalia, most of which could not have been used for anything *but* counterfeiting.

“What can I do for you, gentlemen?” Allibini inquired, in the suave manner of a merchant greeting a customer.

“You can explain this counterfeiting outfit,” Wright replied.

“Counterfeiting? I don’t know what you mean.”

“You don’t, eh? Well, how about those plates and dies and things, and particularly these ten-dollar bills?”

“Oh, those?” Allibini exclaimed, as if a great light was illuminating his thoughts. “Why, those are just for advertising. You see, I intend to go into the shaving-cream business.”

“What for, to shave off Uncle Sam’s whiskers?” one of the cops asked.

Allibini ignored the remark, evidently considering it in poor taste.

“And,” he went on, “I was going to use these bills for advertising, to include one in each circular I send out.”

“I get it,” Wright nodded. “You thought you might have trouble getting orders, and you’re giving everybody a ten-dollar bill so that men can buy a few tubes.”

“No, you still don’t understand. I was going to stamp every bill ‘counterfeit.’”

“And then?”

“Then I was going to say in my circular: ‘You wouldn’t take a counterfeit ten-dollar bill, would you? Why take counterfeit shaving cream when you can get the genuine?’ You see, it would impress them so much more if they actually saw a ten-dollar counterfeit. Naturally I couldn’t send real bills. That would make the cost prohibitive.”

“Yes, of course,” Wright assented. He turned to the cops. “What do you mean crashing into a man’s place of business like this?” he demanded. “You take him over to jail immediately and give him a written apology. And stamp the apology ‘counterfeit.’”

III

There is intense competition among judges as to which one has had the most fantastic excuse presented to him. The late Federal Judge Evans, of Louisville, often told me he was sure

he could win any such contest with his story of the man who came before him charged with stealing some copper bars.

"I didn't steal them bars, Your Honor," the defendant contended.

"You haven't denied they were found in your possession, have you?"

"No, sir, and I don't deny it now."

"What were you doing with them then?"

"I'd been sick."

"What's your health got to do with stealing copper bars?"

"But I tell you I didn't steal them. I just lifted them bars to test my strength and see if I was well again."

Judge Evans' story would, however, face a lot of what horse players call "contention." It might be furnished by the man caught inside a store window broken with a brick, but who had merely gone into the window to retrieve the brick and thus "undo some of the damage" he had done when it "slipped out of his hand." Or by the forger in Washington who told His Honor it was all the fault of his fountain pen: it was one of the new kind which wrote under water, and he was experimenting with it in the bathtub when "before I knew it I'd written these two worthless checks." Or by the Philadelphia man who fired forty bullets into the wall of his room "because, judge, I was practicing to commit suicide." Or by the would-be

poisoner who said he intended the arsenic for his own coffee, but who, as he continued the story, was so nervous that it went into that of his wife on the other side of the table. Or by the "dip" caught with his hand in another man's pocket, who was "just replacing the wallet" he had seen its owner drop. Not to overlook the woman in Penn Township, Pennsylvania, who shot her soldier-husband because she loved him and couldn't bear to see him go back to camp at the expiration of his furlough; the Southern gentleman of Frankfort, Kentucky, who demanded he be acquitted of killing his wife because he had caught her running around with a Republican; the absent-minded man in San Francisco who drove away in a Buick sedan thinking it was his, completely forgetting that he had sold his several months before; or the go-getter in St. Louis who forged several checks so that he could get money to perfect a device which would prevent check forgery.

Naturally, our teeming traffic courts sprout their full share of inspired narratives. A standard one of speeding drivers who didn't "pull over to the curb" is that they thought the police were hold-up men. A Newton, Massachusetts, girl, gave this ancient one a new twist when she informed the magistrate that she mistook the cop for a wolf.

The head of a traffic court in Portland, Oregon, is noted for his comebacks to these ridiculous excuses. One still repeated in the Oregon metropolis concerns a speeder who was clocked at 75 miles an hour.

“Why, judge, that’s preposterous!” the defendant fumed. “I wasn’t even doing 50. In fact, I don’t think I was doing 40, or even 30, or ——”

“Look out!” his Honor warned. “The first thing you know you’ll be backing into something.”

IV

But the kingpin “You-see-it-was-this-way-judge” was put forth by a malefactor at Spartanburg, South Carolina. The record in this case, with its misunderstandings and complications, reads like an old-time vaudeville sketch. To fall into the language of the theatre: As the curtain rises, a traffic officer is discovered:

“This man, Your Honor, had for a long time engaged in overtime parking. He’s parked in the same place eight or nine hours every day for the past six months.”

“Well, why didn’t you give him a ticket before this?” the judge queried snappishly.

“Because he gave himself one, Your Honor. He got an overtime parking ticket six months ago. Every morning since, when he’s parked his car, he’s attached to it the ticket he got then.

When I went up and down the line tagging those machines which had been parked over the limit, I’d see that he’d already been tagged. Naturally, I thought one of my fellow-officers had done it. And they thought I had. So nobody tagged him.”

The magistrate glanced at the author of this ingenious scheme. “What’ve you got to say?” he snapped.

He might have assumed that anyone smart enough to conjure up such a self-protective device would also come up with an unusual excuse. “Why, Judge,” the culprit explained blandly, “I had no idea that a man could be tagged twice for overtime parking.”

It took the magistrate a few moments to digest that one. “You mean,” he queried, “that having had a tag once, you thought you were immune from catching another tag, just like smallpox?”

“Exactly, Your Honor. The only reason I put the tag on each morning was to show the officers that I already had the smallpox — I mean, that I already had my tag quota.”

“One hundred dollars and ten days in jail,” the judge said wearily.

While this self-tagging dodge and the excuse which followed are unusually clever, there is an infinite variety of other traffic-court excuses. Among the particularly inspired authors are: Peter Sheldon, of Ogden, Utah, who

ran through a dozen red lights and a half-dozen "Stop" signs because two girls in the front seat with him had their legs crossed, and he was just too modest to reach over and shift gears; the driver in Moline, Illinois, who failed to hold out his hand when making a left turn because, the last time he had done it, someone tried to snatch his wrist watch; the young woman in Rochester who insisted that she *couldn't* have been doing 60 miles an hour because she'd only been out of the garage 20 minutes; the genius in Los Angeles who drove a car backwards for several city blocks because the company from which he rented it charged for the distance traveled, and he didn't think the mileage would register if the machine was kept in reverse; the stubborn gentleman in Louisville who shouted that the fire-plug had been placed there by the city *after* he parked; and the young lady in New Orleans who told the judge that she had displayed good sense in parking on a non-parking street because there was so much more room.

In felony cases, where a long term of imprisonment, or even execution, will follow conviction, criminals who are intelligent frequently go to extraordinary lengths to prepare alibis. One which is often cited to show the lengths to which a malefactor will go, was prepared by Colin Lamarre, a highwayman of London.

Lamarre refused to have an attorney, electing to defend himself. After the occupants of the car he had held up on the road had testified that his mask had slipped down, and that they had positively identified him in the bright moonlight, Lamarre played his trump card. He handed the current almanac to one of the two witnesses and asked him to read what it said about the weather on the night the robbery took place. The victim read:

There was heavy rain and fog throughout the entire countryside, the rain starting at five in the afternoon and continuing in a steady downpour until eleven the following morning.

"Now," Lamarre demanded triumphantly, "I wish you'd explain how you could distinguish my features by moonlight when there wasn't any moonlight." The witness stammered that he couldn't understand it. Neither could the jury, which immediately voted "Not guilty."

Nor could anyone else, until several years later, when, through an accident, it was learned that Lamarre had engaged the services of a printer to take an almanac apart, substitute another page for the one which truly said that the night of the crime had been one of bright moonlight, and then rebind the volume.

But by that time it was too late. Lamarre was in France.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS: SCIENTIFIC STATESMAN

BY RUDOLPH VON ABELE

IN HIS autobiography Henry Adams tells how, as a child, he had rebelled one summer morning against being sent to school; and how his grandfather had thereupon come slowly down the stairs, put on his hat, taken young Henry's hand, and without a single word or act of personal feeling, walked with him to school, seen him to his seat, and there left him. He had been, he said, "paralyzed with awe," by the short old gentleman whose head was bald, whose stomach was not small, whose manner was forbidding, and whose voice was disagreeable — but who had in his past a record of public service unique in American history. The short old gentleman, John Quincy Adams, was then serving as a Representative in Congress, his last political office.

The old gentleman was not customarily as silent as on that morning; but all his life he showed the impressiveness, decision, and adherence to moral principle which the anecdote implies. There was in him, as in his

father, a single-minded, stubborn, often self-antagonistic conviction of the function of the citizen in society, which is one of the keys to his character. "I have lived for my country and for her alone," he said shortly before he became President. "Every faculty of my soul and every desire of my heart has been devoted to her interest and to the promotion of her welfare." If there was vanity in this it was largely unconscious. He could prove his statement by pointing to the fact that from 1794 to 1808 and from 1809 to 1822 he was continuously in politics; and if he had had foresight he could have added that he would remain there through 1829 and then again from 1831 to 1848, a total of almost fifty-two years. The variety of offices he held was equally exceptional: minister to four European countries, peace commissioner, state senator, United States senator, secretary of state, President, and representative. Other men have had long public careers, but John Quincy's was marked

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by a peculiarly intense compulsive quality and a profound devotion to a set of cardinal ideas which give it a unique fascination to historians.

Filiopietism was a powerful sentiment in John Quincy Adams, and in understanding him the force of the example which his father had set cannot be underestimated; nor can the hold upon him, as a child, of John Adams' guiding hand. The elder Adams, being a man of positive and somewhat overbearing personality, did not fail to inculcate into his most brilliant son those values of probity, honesty and service which were his own chief distinctions. John Quincy was born in 1767, at a time when his father was already achieving a reputation as a lawyer, a political radical, and a man of independent mind. In 1770, when the boy was four, the father was displaying all three qualities by defending the British soldiers who had committed the so-called "Boston massacre." John Quincy lived out his childhood and youth in an atmosphere of constant public life, in the heart of the domestic politics of the revolution. When his father went to France in 1778 and 1781 he went with him, studying history, Latin, English, Greek and mathematics along the way. His first taste of political service came when he went with Francis Dana to St. Petersburg as diplomatic secretary and translator,

at the age of fourteen. He was already manifesting the influences that had been shaping him, writing to his father in 1777 that his head was "much too fickle, my thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play and trifles till I get vexed with myself." He begged his father to show him how to systematize his use of time, and squeeze the most out of what he read. The Adamsian, Puritan sense of guilt was fixed in him early. It became one of his leading characteristics, despite the fact that he was handsome, was attracted to women, and loved the theatre.

He developed, too, a New Englandish, methodical attitude toward the business of living, which was so thorough as to lead him, every morning and evening, to check up on God by timing the rising and setting of the sun. He never stopped trying to perfect the organization of his daily routine. The chief monument which he left to this passion for arranging and evaluating activities, from the minutest to the most elaborate, was the diary which he commenced in the 1780s and carried down to 1846 with only minor gaps. This diary forms the main source of information about his life and personality. It begins properly in June 1794 when, after having returned home to graduate second in his class at Harvard in 1787, and having begun to practice law in 1790, he was

given his first appointment as minister to the Netherlands by President Washington. This was followed by appointments to London and Berlin, after which, returning to the United States, he began a term of years as an independent supporter of many of Jefferson's policies, though he was elected in 1803 to the U. S. Senate as a Federalist. His independence led to his repudiation by the party a year before the expiration of his term, and to a long and bitter enmity between himself and the New England Federalists. Unable to truckle to these men, he resigned his Senate seat in 1808 and thought to leave politics. He was saved, though, by an appointment to Russia, where he stayed till 1814. By the time he returned for the last time from Europe, Monroe was President; and his diplomatic experience was so extensive that he found himself appointed Secretary of State.

II

It was not surprising that John Quincy Adams' philosophy of government, and his views of the nature of man, should be substantially derived from his father. This was merely another demonstration of the power of the old man's personality. John Quincy first attained public notoriety with a series of polemics in 1791 and 1793, concerned with the French Revolution and the neutral course in reference

to it which he thought America ought to take. He manifested here an ability to recognize the good-and-bad, rather than merely the good-or-bad, in controversial issues or persons, which was to be distinctive of his temper of mind throughout life. He did not wholly condemn the Revolution, but neither did he celebrate it with the naïve rapture of Jefferson or Paine.

This was fairly typical of his political attitudes in later life, with a single glaring exception, which was slavery. These attitudes were taken not on a strategic day-to-day basis, but in accordance with a thoroughly rationalized theory of what government ought to be and do. In his first annual message as President he defined what seemed to him to be the central object of government: "the improvement of the condition of those who are parties to the social compact," and he added that "no government . . . can accomplish the lawful ends of its institution but in proportion as it improves the condition of those over whom it is established." This was almost the antithesis of Jeffersonianism, with its postulate that government's only proper function was to keep enough order so that its citizens could improve themselves. And in terms of this interventionist philosophy, Adams oriented his political thinking on issues ranging from the Embargo of 1807 to the abolition

of slavery. If by political liberalism is meant the conviction that governmental power ought to be exercised wherever the circumstances, on a rational examination, demand its exercise in the public interest, regardless of merely legalistic or class considerations, then John Quincy was distinctly liberal in his outlook. He was a faithful believer in progress after the fashion of his century — despite his Puritan conception of man and an inveterate disposition to ascribe most behavior, however apparently disinterested, to egocentric motives.

While in the Senate he was a supporter of national expansion and the Louisiana Purchase; and this tendency continued into his tenure as Secretary of State, between 1817 and 1825, in which post his greatest success was the purchase of Florida from Spain. His forthright, aggressive influence was responsible in considerable measure for the policy adopted by Monroe in 1822–23, known to other generations as the Monroe Doctrine.

During his service in the State Department the country enjoyed that interval of specious calm called the Era of Good Feeling. It was in reality a breathing-space between conflicts; and as the elections of 1824 approached, the conflict came in the form of a pentagonal fight for the

Presidency, out of which Adams emerged victorious, beating both Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson. He had not sought the office, in accord with his principles; but when it came to him after having been thrown into the House of Representatives, he took it, in accord with his principles, and did with it some extraordinary things. His father had lived to see him President; and all through his term he tried to act as his father would have wished him to. This involved, among other things, removing no public officials from their jobs unless the quality of their work demanded it (the result of which was that he kept in office men who were actively hostile to him). He made no particular effort to secure a renomination; his managers could win no supporters with juicy bait, as the Jackson men were doing; and so, on March 3, 1829, after being badly beaten, he left the White House to his “democratic” successor, and refrained from going to the inauguration. Save for partisan howlings his administration had been almost eventless.

A theory of government like his leads its exponents to favor an increase in the power of central over local governments, in both scope and depth. Thus we find John Quincy in 1816 writing his belief that “the longer I live the stronger I find my national feelings grow upon me, and the

less of my affections are commanded by partial localities. My system of politics more and more inclines to strengthen the union and its government." The program which, as President, he persistently — and unsuccessfully — tried to press upon the country, was compounded of an enormous faith in the possibilities of science as an ameliorator of social evils, and of his tendency to think in national, rather than sectional, terms, as so many of his fellow-citizens persisted in doing. He, like Albert Gallatin and George Washington, was a nationalist in a particularist age, which helps to explain why he failed in his campaign to see a system of roads, railroads and canals built under Federal auspices; to see a national university erected at Washington; and to bring the government to take an active part in scientific research. His only substantial success was the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution, the bequest for which (by an Englishman) would probably have been rejected but for his efforts.

III

After his defeat Adams went home to the Massachusetts whose politicians had repudiated him. He thought his political career was ended, and set about pruning his trees and digging under his manures, like Jefferson and his father before him. But the people

had not abandoned him; and two years later his home district chose him as its congressman, which he considered the greatest honor he had ever received. Feeling with all his heart that it was as much the duty of an ex-President as of anyone else to serve as town selectman if so ordered, he returned to Washington and there began his final, and perhaps greatest, struggle against odds — the fight to restore the right of citizens to petition the House of Representatives to abolish slavery.

Adams, for all his rectitude, pugnacity, honesty of purpose and self-knowledge, had something in him of the showman and the martyr. "The struggle against a popular clamor is not without its charms," he had said in his youth; and now in his age, a sick, shrill, crotchety old man, he deliberately set about to create a popular clamor against himself. In 1837 the House passed a rule which automatically prevented petitions on the slavery issue from ever reaching the consideration of the House. To Adams, for whom slavery was the unforgivable sin — a sin to abolish which he sometimes would have been glad to have a civil war — and slaveholders the lowest kind of monsters, this presented a problem he intended to solve if it cost him his life. For eight years he persisted, alone and aloof, largely unconnected with the

abolitionist movement, using every trick he knew, presenting petitions to dissolve the Union, or to oust himself from committees, or maliciously needling the House into utter confusion, or getting himself censured and all but expelled. He persevered with undiminishing energy and an unmistakable moral grandeur until, in 1845, the "gag-rule," as it was called, was finally repealed. "Blessed, forever blessed be the name of God!" he devoutly inscribed in his diary.

When this was over the inexhaustible old man, his crusade done, yielded to his age. He grew increasingly more feeble, though even in his seventies he rose by five every morning and walked several miles a day. He refused to stop attending Congress; and on February 21, 1848, during a morning session, he collapsed at his desk. He died two days later without having been removed from the Capitol.

He always felt, in spite of his distinguished record, that his career had been a failure. "I fell," he said, "and with me fell, I fear never to rise again, certainly never . . . in my day, the system of internal improvement by means of national energies." The key to his theory — the systematic and rational exploitation, for the general welfare and under public auspices, of the enormous natural resources of the country — was in his day ridiculed and pushed aside, or perverted to the

service of sectional or partisan purposes, in the sickening scramble of the acquisitive society to hug to itself this untold treasure. It has been only recently that Adams' wisdom has been coming into its own.

Even if his own estimate of the value of his fifty years of public service be accepted, John Quincy still emerges as a man of extraordinary perception and intellectual brilliance whose thinking ran far ahead of that of most of his contemporaries. As has been said, he had in him a self-mortificatory vein, perhaps derived from his ancestry. He firmly believed himself doomed to unpopularity, and contributed not a little to helping himself become so. He was no flatterer; he could not bend or fawn as Jefferson or Clay could do; he always said what he thought, and suffered for it. Courting no one, he was himself courted by few. His public manner lacked the suavity of the professional politician, and his vocabulary of denunciation was much feared, as his diary and speeches in the House attest. By and large his opinions of others were as unsparing as his opinion of himself, and yet he was quick to praise those in whom he detected intellectual power or moral firmness. He could, too, detest a man as he did Jefferson, and at the same time scrupulously enumerate his virtues. Ex-

cept where slavery was concerned, when he became a single-minded fanatic incapable of seeing even the minutest grain of good or justification in a social system which represented to him the ultimate in human degradation, he was eminently fair-minded and dispassionate.

His energy was incredible, and he channelled it in one direction. Beginning his career under the wing of an eminent, if well-disliked, father, he pushed himself as far as he did mainly by sheer force of personality. His ancestry and character were both handicaps in a society which applauded shallow performers like Clay, nonentities like Harrison, windbags like Webster, and paranoids like Calhoun. Adams, being none of these, was suspected of being all of them.

He believed implicitly in science, God, and the future; and perhaps his happiest moment came when, in 1843, at the age of 76 weary and sick, he went on a flatboat to Cincinnati to lay the cornerstone of the first astronomical observatory in America. The trip turned into a triumphal procession — a tardy and incomplete gesture on the part of those who never understood him. In his speech at Cincinnati he reiterated his faith in natural rights, in the educability of man, in the beneficence of scientific inquiry, and in the prospects of American society. "Among the modes of self-

improvement and social happiness," he said, "there is none so well suited to the nature of man as the assiduous cultivation of the arts and sciences."

While he could not have then been able to imagine the enormous difficulties lying in the way of a realization of this proposition in all its ramifications, nothing that has since happened has invalidated it; much has given it added point. If anything is to save man from himself it is the cultivation and application of the arts and sciences, and most particularly of the art and science of understanding man himself. That this lonely, graceless, self-despising, suspicious, sharpvoiced, formidable old man of Quincy, Massachusetts — who got up at five in the morning every day of his life, took a cold sponge bath and swam the Potomac at 60 as he had at 30, and every evening, before he went to bed, faithfully and trustingly repeated, in a loud voice, as he was proud to insist, "Now I lay me down to sleep" — that this quixotic and eccentric old man saw, understood, and propagated this truth about the kind of intelligence that must be applied to government if government was ever to fulfill its end in the modern world, and propagated it regardless of its effect upon him or his career, is his chief claim to greatness, and to the interest of a generation which, more than ever, needs to follow counsel such as his.

JOSEPH KEENAN MEETS THE PRESS

The Japanese War Crimes Trials have once again become matters of international interest. Soviet Russia insists that Emperor Hirohito be tried as a war criminal, and that former Japanese warlords be tried for using bacteria as a weapon in the late war. American lawyers and army officers insist, on the contrary, that no evidence has been found for such trials. Perhaps no one can speak more authoritatively about the various problems involved than Joseph B. Keenan, chief prosecutor of the Japanese War Crimes Trials, and a former assistant attorney-general of the United States in charge of the criminal division of the Department of Justice. He appeared on a recent broadcast of Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting Company in cooperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. His remarks are here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Mr. Keenan, were Doris Fleson of the Bell Syndicate, Robert Sherrod of *Time* and *Life*, Paul Ward of the Baltimore *Sun*, and Ernest Lindley of *Newsweek*. Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*, presided.

LINDLEY: Mr. Keenan, why, in your opinion, are the Russians demanding now, four-and-a-half years after the end of the war, that the Emperor Hirohito be tried as a war criminal?

KEENAN: It's obviously some type of propaganda. It isn't a serious effort.

LINDLEY: Have they made a previous demand, either publicly or in any other way, for the trial of Hirohito as a war criminal?

KEENAN: In 1946, we were notified that the Russians did desire to try Hirohito as a war criminal, but had decided not to press that demand.

LINDLEY: Did you get any indication as to why they did not press it at that time?

KEENAN: I think it frank to state that the decision not to try Hirohito was made by the leaders of the three or four large nations, and that it was a political rather than a judicial decision.

LINDLEY: In your opinion, should Hirohito have been tried as one of the war criminals responsible for taking Japan into an aggressive war?

KEENAN: My answer to that, briefly, is no. From the evidence at the trial, it was quite clear that Hirohito himself did not want war.

FLEESON: You say that there is more reason to try Stalin. What indictment would you bring against Stalin, Mr. Keenan?

KEENAN: The indictment against Stalin would be for planning and initiating wars of aggression — the same indictment that was brought against the Japanese war criminals at Tokyo and against the Germans at Nuremberg.

FLEESON: What wars of aggression?

KEENAN: To be specific, the war against Poland. That was actually waged; and there was a plan on foot between Hitler, Ciano, Ribbentrop and Molotov, acting on Stalin's instructions, to divide up the world and to wage war against anyone who opposed their new order.

FLEESON: Does that correspond to the type of evidence introduced in the Japanese war trials, and at Nuremberg against the Nazis, on which convictions were obtained?

KEENAN: We did have an authentic document that was taken from the German archives; it showed clearly that there was an agreement in principle by Stalin to unite with Hitler and Mussolini, to bring aggressive war upon the world if necessary, to enforce the new order. The plan failed because Hitler would not agree to the share of loot that Stalin demanded.

WARD: Mr. Keenan, in the legal section of the State Department, they are now working on a reply to the Soviet note. How would you reply to that if it were in your province?

KEENAN: I'm afraid my reply would be very brief. In the first place, I would state that their demand or request was not made in good faith, and that the evidence in the case before the Russian judge and the Russian prosecutor showed plainly that Hirohito was a man of peace. He was not desirous of war and, in his own way, made great efforts to avoid it.

WARD: Was there any evidence offered in the Tokyo trial of Tojo and his friends, bearing upon bacteriological warfare?

KEENAN: None whatever.

WARD: Then it's not true, as the Soviet-controlled radio of Vienna charged only two days ago, that you yourself offered evidence in that trial of bacteriological warfare on the part of the Japanese?

KEENAN: That's false.

SHERROD: During the war, the Chinese claimed a number of times that the Japanese had used bacteriological warfare against them. Did the Chinese renew these charges in the war crimes trials?

KEENAN: They did, and we sent Americans with the Chinese to the spot where the bacteriological war-

fare was supposed to have originated. We found no such evidence. It was investigated and proved to be unfounded.

SPIVAK: Mr. Keenan, the Russians took an active part in the trials both in Japan and at Nuremberg. Wasn't that in itself an act of hypocrisy?

KEENAN: I thought the main purpose of these trials was to establish the fact that men in high places, who planned and initiated aggressive war, were criminals — common, ordinary criminals. And it was worth something to the world to have the Russians agree that the type of conduct that was described at that trial was criminal.

LINDLEY: Do you think those trials really accomplished anything?

KEENAN: I think they did. I think that the foremost service they rendered was to establish the facts authentically, particularly with the Japanese people. It was the first time they ever found out how they got into the war.

LINDLEY: Mr. Keenan, I'd like to go back to the Emperor. Was he of any service to you in establishing who was guilty and who was not guilty among the high Japanese?

KEENAN: Not at all. He gave no evidence in the case, nor did we have any talks with him until after the convictions.

LINDLEY: You had a talk after the conviction?

KEENAN: That's right. It lasted from 12:30 until about 4:30 in the afternoon.

LINDLEY: Did it add anything to your knowledge of the situation?

KEENAN: It only confirmed what we believed to be true from the evidence that came out at the trial. But the Emperor was very frank. He answered all questions and stated his position directly, which was that he felt he was a constitutional monarch.

LINDLEY: Shouldn't he have been questioned before the trial? Shouldn't he have been called upon to cooperate in establishing the guilt of individuals?

KEENAN: We gave a good deal of thought to that. I believe he should have been interrogated. But he was still the Emperor of Japan, a constitutional monarch. It would be very difficult to state what repercussions there would have been among the Japanese people had we called him as a witness in the trial. I know General MacArthur told me that if we wanted to try Hirohito, he'd want another million armed men in his force in Japan.

SPIVAK: Do you think that, if it hadn't been a political decision not to try the Emperor, it would have

been possible, with the same kind of evidence that you used against other people, to indict and convict him?

KEENAN: Strictly legally, Emperor Hirohito could have been tried and convicted, because under the Constitution of Japan, he did have the power to make war and stop it. We could have convicted him.

SPIVAK: Do you think that any of those trials, based upon our democratic concepts of justice, were legal, or that most of them were *ex post facto*?

KEENAN: That's a large subject. But my answer is that these men were really tried for murder. They brought about these wars and they knew it meant mass murder. They had no respect for the human personality, and they took the lives of people without much regard for them.

SPIVAK: Well, since when can one country try the nationals of another country for murder by any of our laws?

KEENAN: It depends upon how legalistic you want to be. Certainly there's no congress of all nations. We have to admit that. And if we have to wait for that to occur before we get an international code, I don't think there's much prospect of one during the next three generations.

SPIVAK: Weren't most of the prisoners tried, though, for waging aggressive war, and isn't that another way of saying that the man who loses loses his neck if you catch him?

KEENAN: No, that is not true. There are many men in Japan who were very active in waging the war, in high places, and they were not tried.

FLEESON: Do you think that the United States could withdraw from Japan in two or three years, Mr. Keenan, in view of its strategic importance?

KEENAN: I don't think the United States could take all of its troops out of there, but in two or three years' time, General MacArthur will have done enough sound work to be relieved of those very onerous duties.

SHERROD: I believe in two or three years, General MacArthur will be 72 or 73, won't he, sir?

KEENAN: Well, he's in very good physical condition. But General MacArthur has been in Tokyo, two sessions a day, seven days a week, since September of 1945; he hasn't been away from his office for an accumulated period of three weeks, all told.

FLEESON: That's by his choice, though, isn't it? He's welcome to come back here, and has been invited back here repeatedly by the

Congress and by the Defense Department and others.

KEENAN: Certainly, it is his own choice. And while I suggest that he could come back, I think it would be an unfortunate thing if he did come back. But if he had to, I think his place could be taken, because he has done an awfully good job and will have completed the major part of it in a year or two.

LINDLEY: To clarify your viewpoint, Mr. Keenan — it would be possible to keep American forces there under an alliance with Japan, or by the lease of bases, and at the same time conclude some form of agreement which would turn all the powers of internal government back to Japan, would it not?

KEENAN: Yes. I think, Mr. Lindley, that the big job is done, as far as the Japanese are concerned. As far as other foreign influences are concerned, I think you might need a man of MacArthur's stature there for a great many more years to come.

SPIVAK: Mr. Keenan, you said that you spent four hours talking with the Emperor. Would you tell us a little something concerning what you talked about with him all that length of time?

KEENAN: Well, I asked him about the manner in which the Japanese gov-

ernment operated *de facto*, what he knew about it, about his meetings. I asked him particularly about Pearl Harbor. I asked him if he knew that Pearl Harbor was going to be bombed.

SPIVAK: What did he say about that?

KEENAN: His answer was that he knew that war steps were to be taken, but he didn't know the objective. He was not told. He didn't know that Pearl Harbor was going to be bombed. He said that he had issued instructions — and this was verified in the trial — for due notice to be given before any belligerent act was made.

SPIVAK: Did he know that his planes had taken off to bomb something in the United States? Some of our territory?

KEENAN: He did not. He did not receive that knowledge — we found that out — until the morning of the air raid.

SHERROD: One last question, Mr. Keenan, to transport you to Moscow this time. When you have your war criminals trial of Stalin, how are you going to bell that particular cat?

KEENAN: I don't expect any quixotic effect of that type. The recipe for rabbit stew is first to catch a rabbit.

SPIVAK: I'm sorry I must interrupt, Mr. Keenan; our time is up.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That the savage is warlike

The war drums of the savage have throbbed through so many novels and adventure books that the reading public definitely assumes savages to be pretty ferocious creatures. Actually, they are a comparatively peaceful lot. They will go to almost any length, painting their faces, grimacing most horribly, leaping and yelling and chanting the most terrible threats and boasts, in the hopes of discouraging anybody from starting anything. But their heart is not in it. They have great difficulty working themselves up to the fighting pitch, and once in it, as Havelock Ellis says in *The Philosophy of Conflict*, are restrained on every hand by religion and magic.

Civilized man, on the other hand, seems free from any such limitations. He will fight anybody at the drop of a brass hat and seems to take more pleasure in it as his wars increase in frequency, size and ferocity. We

probably killed more people in ten seconds at Hiroshima than a thousand Indian "wars" did away with. In all history, probably only the spirochete has equaled the destructive ferocity of the Spanish conquistadors. And the spirochete does not to his injuries add the insult of insisting that his visitation is conferring the inestimable benefit of civilization and salvation upon his victim.

That the acceptance of a check marked "paid in full" constitutes an acknowledgment that the sum on the check completely discharges the debt towards which it is a payment

Laymen constantly upbraid lawyers for being hair-splitters and standing upon technicalities, and at the same time split hairs themselves in a way that no court would allow. Many a man marks "paid in full" on a check that is made out for less than the sum owed, on the assumption that the

creditor would rather have something than nothing and that his accepting a check so marked is a legal waiving of the remainder of the debt. Actually, it does no such thing. The notation "paid in full" is unilateral and has no binding force whatever. Even where a debtor has voluntarily given a receipt in full he may collect more if he finds that there had been an omission in his bill.

That the mind is in the brain

The "mind" in the Western world is generally believed to be localized in the brain. But it was not always so and is not everywhere so. Empedocles (fifth century B.C.) thought that consciousness lay in the blood. Diogenes of Apollonia (fourth century B.C.) thought it resided in the air inside the body. Plato divided it up, placing "divine reason" in the brain, the passions in the thorax, and the appetites in the stomach. Among the Bala, Driberg tells us, the heart is regarded as the source of thought and the emotions are located in the stomach or liver.

Scientists no longer attempt to localize thinking. Mental activity is now known to be correlated in some way with physical activity in the nervous tissue and to be dependent upon sensory experience. St. Paul's "the mind of the flesh" is a good

phrase. Is not dexterity thinking with the hands?

The spinal cord is certainly a part of the brain and the "mind" would have to be extended the length of the backbone at the very least by those who claim for it a local habitation. Some of the dinosaurs, in fact, had larger "brains" at the base of their spines than in their heads. Indeed, if one were a stickler for accuracy, he would classify the brain as part of the spinal cord rather than the reverse. For whereas animals seem able to get on after a considerable portion of their brains have been removed, they can't get on without their complete and unimpaired spinal cords. As much as half of the human brain has been removed without any noticeable ill effects. In the laboratory, the brains of dogs have been wholly disassociated from their bodies without destroying the dog's fundamental vital functions. These "spinal dogs," as they are called, breathe, eat, walk and growl like other dogs. They seem, however, incapable of retaining impressions and hence cannot learn.

That religion brings solace in the hour of death

Amateur theologians often stress the solace with which the devout will be sustained in their parting hour, but their professional brethren have never

disseminated any such fallacy. They are aware that the truly pious must live and die in perturbation. Kierkegaard looked on fear as "a sovereign specific in the therapeutics of the soul." Bunyan, with more truth than poetry, wrote that

*A Christian man is never long at ease,
When one fright's gone, another doth
him seize.*

Luther lamented that while "a heathen dieth securely away" the thought of God's wrath must of necessity "make death bitter" to a true Christian.

*That a woman isn't pregnant if
she menstruates*

The relief or despair that many women have felt at menstruating when they feared or hoped that they were pregnant has sometimes proved premature. "Regular, cyclic menstruation," gradually dwindling in duration and almost never going beyond the third month, "occasionally takes place," says Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher of Johns Hopkins. However, he adds, stories of women who have menstruated regularly throughout the nine months "are largely apocryphal, or the bleeding is not menstrual at all, but some noncyclic, pathological bleeding due to an abnormality of pregnancy."

*That the body is renewed every
seven years*

The tyranny which numbers still exercise over the popular mind is an indication of the primitive nature of much popular thinking. And of all numbers, seven seems the most tyrannical. In part, this is probably due to the effect of the Hebrew Scriptures, where the number seven occurs, usually in some magic connotation, more than three hundred times: there are seven days in the week and seven seas, Jericho falls when seven priests bearing seven trumpets encompass the walls seven times on the seventh day, there are seven fat and seven lean kine in Pharaoh's dream, and so on.

In the past, this tyranny was exercised more openly than it is today. Thus it was insisted against Galileo's claim that Jupiter had satellite moons that they could not exist because if they did there would be more than seven planets. And this could not be because there were seven days in the week, seven openings in the head, seven metals, seven churches in Asia, and seven subjects in the curriculum!

It is not, as has been pointed out, because the ancients "sought in the properties of numbers the correlation of the facts of the universe" that they are ridiculous. Most modern theories of atomic structure do the same. It

was because they did not base their hypotheses upon observation, but sought to make their observations conform to their hypotheses.

A remnant of the old superstition survives in the remark frequently delivered with sententious gravity that the body renews itself every seven years. Parts of the body — such as its oxygen — are renewed every few minutes. Parts are renewed every few months. Parts are renewed over the years. But some parts, such as the enamel on the teeth, are never renewed. And the notion that the entire body is ever completely renewed is a fiction.

*That non-permissive occupancy,
if uncontested, will confer full
ownership*

It is true that possession, if non-permissive, will give title if maintained for the period of time within which action to recover must be brought. But a squatter's life is not as easy as popular conception has it. You must be careful, for instance, not to squat upon land owned by an infant, for the statute does not begin to run against an infant until he has attained his majority and you may find yourself rudely ejected in your old age. Then it is well, if it can be managed, to look into the owner's title; in the case of *Nisbet and Pott's Contract* it

was held that a squatter is bound by the restrictive covenant of a former owner.

*That lawyers prefer precedent
to justice*

"It is a maxim among lawyers," Swift wrote, "that whatever hath been done may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of *precedents*, they produce as authorities, to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly."

Even when the worst case possible is made out for appeal to precedent, however, it remains the lesser of two evils and despite its limitations is the foundation of justice. Law is what the courts will say it is and men risk their fortunes every day on the assumption that the courts will be consistent. Appeal to precedent may sometimes perpetuate injustice, but disregarding precedent would produce chaos and so destroy all justice. For justice is order.

"Consistency," Max Radin has said, "is a real and powerful constituent of justice . . . and abstract consideration of justice that does not take that fact into account misses the essence of its search."

THE STATE OF KANSAS

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

MORE than half a century ago, Mary Elizabeth Lease, a dynamic, seductive Populist orator, urged Kansans to "raise less corn and more hell." Whereupon a sensational university professor up in Iowa, having read Mary's speeches and seen pictures of Carry Nation's saloon-smashing antics, observed that "the people of Kansas are crazy half the time."

Back in those days, Kansans were proud of their eccentricities. The favorite story in the state was the anecdote of the farmer, who, when asked where he was from, threw out his chest and answered, "Kansas. Now, gosh darn ye, laugh." But today, Kansas is busily engaged in trying to live down that reputation. It wants to conform. It is proud of its wheat (the automobile tags bear the words, "The Wheat State"), its oil and gas, its growing manufactures, and, to a more limited extent, its culture.

Prosperity, produced to a consid-

erable extent by rainfall, has transformed the state. Kansas lies in the western portion of the Great Plains, where precipitation tends to be light. But when rainfall is above average, as it has been for the last several years, wheat grows in rich abundance, even in the southwestern counties — the former "dust bowl." Two million-odd bushels of wheat at \$2 a bushel bring in a lot of money. Plenty of farmers who in the recent depression were from \$500 to \$10,000 in debt now have net assets of \$100,000 or more, and except in harvest time their costly motor cars jam the streets of western Kansas towns so that the poor tourists can't even stop to buy a beer.

In many states a comparable situation has won innumerable farm votes for the Democrats, because the prosperity has come during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. Some effect of the sort is observable in Kansas, but the bulk of farmers vote Republican. They consider their wealth a bounty bestowed by an all-

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wise Providence in recognition of the singular merits of Kansans. Taught from infancy that God is a Republican and a Methodist, they consider it only fitting that he should provide abundant rain for Kansas while visiting the Democratic, Roman Catholic Babylons of the East with burning droughts to warn the inhabitants of their future abode.

When God is remiss about rainfall, however, Kansans desert the GOP in droves. Drought was the basic cause of the Populist uprising of the nineties. In the recent depression, the Democrats elected two Governors, a United States Senator, and a number of other officials. The state also voted for FDR in the first two of his campaigns, despite the fact that former Kansas Governor Alf M. Landon was his opponent in one of them.

Now that the state is prosperous again, it tends to follow the GOP line. In 1948, it elected a solid Republican — mostly ultra-conservative — delegation to Congress. But in spite of the current conservatism, no politician has dared suggest repeal of any of the state “welfare legislation” of the past. He wouldn’t last long if he did. The state pioneered years ago in railroad rate regulation. It passed the first “blue sky” law restricting the sale of securities. In the field of hygiene, it was first to abolish the common drinking cup and the common towel

in places of business. Its public health expert, Dr. S. J. Crumbine, made national headlines with his campaigns, partly legislative, partly personal, to “swat the fly.”

Kansas also retains its one socialistic enterprise, the printing of school books. California is the only other state following this practice. When the law was first enacted, it was seriously proposed that all textbooks used by Kansas youngsters be written by Kansans, lest the youth be contaminated by foreign ideas. This didn’t work out, whereupon the State Printer proposed that the state confiscate the copyright of any book it wanted. The threat of a jail term from Federal authorities made him back down. Consequently, the standard policy today is to rent plates from publishers. But publishers are commonly willing to rent only the plates of books they can’t sell elsewhere. Naturally, the boys and girls have studied some antiquated and inaccurate volumes, so the legislature recently gave the School Book Commission authority to by-pass state printing, and that has already begun. The next step may be to abolish state publication altogether.

II

The current tendency of Kansas legislation is to avoid “rocking the boat.” A constitutional amendment

provides for the initiative and referendum, but the legislature has never implemented it — and nobody seems to care. The state has a weak civil rights law, which there has been no effort to strengthen, perhaps on the ground that even the present law isn't enforced. Negroes and Mexicans are excluded from many theatres and most restaurants and hotels, and a good many towns operate segregated elementary schools. (The Supreme Court put a stop to segregation in high schools.)

On the other hand, the legislature is on its toes when it comes to improving Kansas institutions. The 1948 session made unprecedented appropriations for education. Also, largely at the instance of the Menningers, native Kansas psychiatrists, it adopted plans for eventually bringing the state hospitals up to the standards of the American Psychiatric Association. The hospital at Topeka is to become a training center for psychiatrists. If the plan works out as fast as expected, Kansas will be the first state to maintain standard, approved treatment for the psychopathic.

There was practically no opposition to any of these projects. As a member of the legislature remarked, "We got money here in Kansas, and there ain't no better way to spend it. Let's make every institution in Kansas the best damn thing of its kind in the world."

Kansans are like that. They are proud of the state and want to be prouder. While they are conservative, with overtones of isolationism from the pioneer days, they do not take political issues or politicians as seriously as they used to. Not a few citizens consider that even a Democrat from Kansas is *ipso facto* superior to a member of any political party from any other state. Kansans were delighted when Charles Curtis, native-born, was elected Vice-President on the Republican ticket, and again when Republican William M. Jardine was appointed Secretary of Agriculture. They were equally pleased at the selection of Democrat Harry Woodring as Secretary of War.

They boast — not without justice — that United States Circuit Judge Walter A. Huxman, a former Democratic Governor, is the ablest jurist in the Middle West. When Georgia Neese Clark, for years a Democratic leader, was recently named Treasurer of the United States, there was almost as much spontaneous enthusiasm as on V-J Day. There is tremendous affection for Dwight D. Eisenhower, though nobody knows whether he is a Republican or a Democrat — if he ran for office, he would carry the state on either ticket. Citizens speak even of Earl Browder, a native of Wichita, with a certain guilty pride, though they deplore his views. Often

they add, "Too bad he didn't stay here and grow up to be a good Republican or Democrat." They still talk fondly of Dr. John R. Brinkley, the goat gland "restorer of lost manhood," who in 1932 barely missed being elected governor to his campaign tune of *Happy Days Are Here Again*.

In other words, Kansans are full of good old Chamber of Commerce pride. Fuller, possibly, than any other people but Texans and Californians. They still boast of the pioneers, who in the late fifties made Kansas a battleground between free and slave state advocates, though curiously they are not very proud of old John Brown of Osawatimie. They pass over the county seat wars of the eighties with only a mild boast that more men got killed in these conflicts than in similar battles in any other state. They smile — a bit shamefacedly — about the Populists; anyhow, they assert, the state now has, and generally approves of, most of the legislation that was so controversial in the nineties.

What they like best to recall is the settlement of Mennonite farmers in Central Kansas in 1875. These sturdy immigrants brought hard winter seed wheat from the Crimea, each carrying a bushel in his luggage. Kansas had previously grown soft spring wheat, ill-adapted to the soil and climate. Within a few years, the Crimean

wheat had spread throughout the state, and today it is the basis of the state's most profitable crop — in a good year, Kansas will grow one fifth of the nation's wheat. The average farm now runs to 310 acres, which accounts for the fact that Kansas has more land under cultivation than any other state except Texas, which is three times as big. The farms are operated by individuals or partnerships. With traditional distrust of "the money powers," Kansas strictly forbids corporation farming.

Manufactures are developing in the state to utilize local agricultural and mineral products, plus a supply of capable labor. Thirty years ago, in the greatest broomcorn region in the world — southern Kansas — it wasn't possible to buy a broom made closer than in Ohio. Today, around 100,000 persons are employed in manufacturing, and the number is growing fast. Meat packing, aircraft, and rubber fabrication are the main industries.

Recently, Roger Babson has brought the state to the attention of industrialists by his writing about what he calls "the magic circle" — a region within a radius of 350 miles about the town of Eureka. He claims it offers not only vast raw materials for manufactures, but relative safety from atomic bomb attack. There he has established a school of economics —

Utopia College. He has gone to propose that the capital of the United States be moved to Utopia. It stirred much enthusiasm among the citizens of the state who feel that the state would think up even more than it has produced in the city of Washington.

III

In the less mundane field of the arts, Kansans hardly know what to boast about. They wouldn't want to be caught making a mistake. Years ago, it was accepted as fair criticism to attack the works of a well known Kansas novelist on the ground that "he wasn't good to his wife." The chief indignity suffered by the lady was that her distinguished husband, liking milk, insisted on keeping a cow tethered in the yard, interfering with his wife's social ambitions. Nowadays, an author could keep a herd of buffalo on his lawn, and citizens would point to him proudly whether they had ever read his works or not.

Notwithstanding the increase in sophistication, it still is a favorite tribute to refer to an individual as a man who "speaks (or writes) the Kansas language." This has nothing to do with syntax, but is supposed to indicate a forthright, unequivocal attitude. When an old-time editor or politician referred to a fellow-

citizen as "a lily-livered polecat," he was speaking the Kansas language. So, I suspect, was a farmer who praised the State Agricultural College on the imagined ground that "they don't teach no goddam grammar there."

Today, the typical politician utilizes the so-called Kansas language to excoriate any who would criticize mothers, the home, the farmers, the veterans, or any other group or institution thought to be beloved by 95 per cent of his constituents. The same is true for the most part of the newspapers, though the weeklies still produce some salty paragraphs. There is not a hell-raising paper in the state, with the possible exception of the two dailies in Wichita, and they tend to take out their spite solely on each other. In contrast with the fighting editors of old days, it is significant that one of the most brilliant journalistic personalities in Kansas, Paul Jones of Lyons, is best known as a world authority on the explorer Coronado, who died in 1554.

Big-time publishing exists in Kansas, but not in the daily newspaper field. The Capper Publications at Topeka — headed by former Senator Arthur Capper, by all odds the state's most popular citizen — constitute the most extensive rural publishing enterprise in the world, with six farm papers plus a rural weekly. The house

also issues two dailies, and a national home service magazine with a circulation of more than 2 million.

Then there is E. Haldeman-Julius, who bought the socialist *Appeal to Reason* years ago and turned the printing plant to mass production of literature on everything from Socrates to sex. He has sold at least a quarter of a billion Little Blue Books, Big Blue Books, and other books of various sizes and colors. Kansans know Haldeman-Julius as a cultivated, mild-mannered iconoclast with limited interest in politics, though he ran for United States Senator on the Socialist ticket several years ago. He never tires of denying the cherished bit of Kansas folklore which holds that Leon Trotsky once worked on the *Appeal to Reason*.

In the production of *belles-lettres*, Kansas is not what she used to be. The state has hundreds of citizens who write verse — most of it, of course, bad — and a few who write prose. The two writers' societies, the Kansas Authors' Club and the Poetry Society of Kansas, are pretty much social organizations. Neither has ever admitted a Negro to membership. Indeed, the former barred its statewide "best writing" contests to all non-whites, until a few members opposed the Ku Klux Klan attitude and raised a hell of a row.

Since the death of William Allen

White, Ed Sheldon, the son, William White, a citizen writer, is a former member of the state and a most notable living Charles B. Driscoll, and educated in the editor of the *Wichita*.

coming a New York autobiographical books, *Kansas* and *Country Jake*, are as realistic as anything that has come out of the Middle West in years.

In contradistinction to literature, art flourishes in Kansas as in few Midwestern states. John Noble, reared in Wichita when it was a cow town, was the state's pioneer painter of distinction. Henry Varnum Poor was born in a Kansas village. Merrill Gage, the sculptor, came from Topeka. The late John Steuart Curry grew up on a Kansas farm, the son of parents sophisticated enough to go to Paris on their wedding trip. His murals in the state house are a subject of wide controversy. Art-minded people admire them extravagantly, while politicians criticize them for lack of sentimentality and farmers object to the shape of the pigs' tails.

Albert Bloch, who teaches art at the

Curry
Howe, and Charles M.
here is no resident of Kan-
ational reputation — justifi-
— as a novelist. White's
White, a best-selling
of the state and a
but
In 1912

University of Kansas, is represented in many American and European collections of modern paintings. Younger men, such as Raymond Eastwood, John Helm, Jr., and William Dickerson, are artists of distinction. But most influential is Swedish-born Birger Sandzén, for years head of the art department at Bethany College in Lindsborg. His bold, colorful, impressionistic canvases of Colorado and Kansas scenes, as well as his equally bold lithographs, are known all over the world.

From the start Dr. Sandzén was never content merely with painting. He wanted the public to understand and value art. Disheartened by the cheap chromos he saw in farm homes in central Kansas, he began lecturing in English, German, and Swedish in country and town schoolhouses. He showed slides of paintings ranging from Gainsborough to Gauguin. Within a few years, the chromos began to be replaced with contemporary paintings, lithographs and etchings, many of which the good doctor got at low prices for his neighbors, on the plea of encouraging art appreciation. Today, for a radius of 50 miles around Lindsborg, hundreds of modest farm and town homes contain good examples of modern art. At the McPherson high school recently, there was an exhibit of contemporary paintings; many of them went to farmers.

IV

Bethany College is also the seat of the nationally known Messiah Music Festival, held annually in Holy Week since 1882. In the early days, it was strictly a local affair — Dr. Sandzén himself sang solos. Now important parts are taken by singers from the Metropolitan and elsewhere. The chorus is still made up solely of college and town people — five hundred of them. The audience regularly includes residents of twenty or more states. Though colleges like Bethany are few, there are five state educational institutions, two municipal universities — at Topeka and Wichita — and twelve privately endowed colleges with the right to confer degrees. There is also a theological seminary.

The most distinctive scientific institution in the state is the Menninger Foundation at Topeka, internationally known for its hospital and clinic, its teaching, and its research in psychiatry. The popular and technical psychiatric books by Drs. Karl A. and William C. Menninger enjoy as wide a reputation as does the foundation. The files of the Kansas State Historical Society contain the second largest collection of newspapers in the United States, with 63,000 bound volumes; the University of Kansas does important research in

chemistry and entomology; the University of Wichita has contributed to the cure of speech deficiencies in children; and, finally, Kansas State College, noted for agriculture, was recently chosen as seat for an atomic energy research laboratory.

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Utopia College. He has gone so far as to propose that the capital of the United States be moved to Eureka. He hasn't stirred much enthusiasm among Kansans, many of whom feel that the bracing air of the state would cause Congress to think up even screwier notions than it has produced in the humidity of Washington.

III

In the less mundane field of the arts, Kansans hardly know what to boast about. They wouldn't want to be caught making a mistake. Years ago, it was accepted as fair criticism to attack the works of a well known Kansas novelist on the ground that "he wasn't good to his wife." The chief indignity suffered by the lady was that her distinguished husband, liking milk, insisted on keeping a cow tethered in the yard, interfering with his wife's social ambitions. Nowadays, an author could keep a herd of buffalo on his lawn, and citizens would point to him proudly whether they had ever read his works or not.

Notwithstanding the increase in sophistication, it still is a favorite tribute to refer to an individual as a man who "speaks (or writes) the Kansas language." This has nothing to do with syntax, but is supposed to indicate a forthright, unequivocal attitude. When an old-time editor or politician referred to a fellow-

citizen as "a lily-livered polecat," he was speaking the Kansas language. So, I suspect, was a farmer who praised the State Agricultural College on the imagined ground that "they don't teach no goddam grammar there."

Today, the typical politician utilizes the so-called Kansas language to excoriate any who would criticize mothers, the home, the farmers, the veterans, or any other group or institution thought to be beloved by 95 per cent of his constituents. The same is true for the most part of the newspapers, though the weeklies still produce some salty paragraphs. There is not a hell-raising paper in the state, with the possible exception of the two dailies in Wichita, and they tend to take out their spite solely on each other. In contrast with the fighting editors of old days, it is significant that one of the most brilliant journalistic personalities in Kansas, Paul Jones of Lyons, is best known as a world authority on the explorer Coronado, who died in 1554.

Big-time publishing exists in Kansas, but not in the daily newspaper field. The Capper Publications at Topeka — headed by former Senator Arthur Capper, by all odds the state's most popular citizen — constitute the most extensive rural publishing enterprise in the world, with six farm papers plus a rural weekly. The house

also issues two dailies, and a national home service magazine with a circulation of more than 2 million.

Then there is E. Haldeman-Julius, who bought the socialist *Appeal to Reason* years ago and turned the printing plant to mass production of literature on everything from Socrates to sex. He has sold at least a quarter of a billion Little Blue Books, Big Blue Books, and other books of various sizes and colors. Kansans know Haldeman-Julius as a cultivated, mild-mannered iconoclast with limited interest in politics, though he ran for United States Senator on the Socialist ticket several years ago. He never tires of denying the cherished bit of Kansas folklore which holds that Leon Trotsky once worked on the *Appeal to Reason*.

In the production of *belles-lettres*, Kansas is not what she used to be. The state has hundreds of citizens who write verse — most of it, of course, bad — and a few who write prose. The two writers' societies, the Kansas Authors' Club and the Poetry Society of Kansas, are pretty much social organizations. Neither has ever admitted a Negro to membership. Indeed, the former barred its statewide "best writing" contests to all non-whites, until a few members opposed the Ku Klux Klan attitude and raised a hell of a row.

Since the death of William Allen

White, Ed Howe, and Charles M. Sheldon, there is no resident of Kansas with a national reputation — justified or not — as a novelist. White's son, William L. White, a best-selling writer, is a citizen of the state and a former member of the legislature, but spends most of his time away. His writings are chiefly non-fiction. The most notable living regional writer is Charles B. Driscoll, who was born and educated in the state and was editor of the *Wichita Eagle* before becoming a New York columnist. His autobiographical books, *Kansas Irish* and *Country Jake*, are as realistic as anything that has come out of the Middle West in years.

In contradistinction to literature, art flourishes in Kansas as in few Midwestern states. John Noble, reared in Wichita when it was a cow town, was the state's pioneer painter of distinction. Henry Varnum Poor was born in a Kansas village. Merrill Gage, the sculptor, came from Topeka. The late John Steuart Curry grew up on a Kansas farm, the son of parents sophisticated enough to go to Paris on their wedding trip. His murals in the state house are a subject of wide controversy. Art-minded people admire them extravagantly, while politicians criticize them for lack of sentimentality and farmers object to the shape of the pigs' tails.

Albert Bloch, who teaches art at the

IV

University of Kansas, is represented in many American and European collections of modern paintings. Younger men, such as Raymond Eastwood, John Helm, Jr., and William Dickerson, are artists of distinction. But most influential is Swedish-born Birger Sandzén, for years head of the art department at Bethany College in Lindsborg. His bold, colorful, impressionistic canvases of Colorado and Kansas scenes, as well as his equally bold lithographs, are known all over the world.

From the start Dr. Sandzén was never content merely with painting. He wanted the public to understand and value art. Disheartened by the cheap chromos he saw in farm homes in central Kansas, he began lecturing in English, German, and Swedish in country and town schoolhouses. He showed slides of paintings ranging from Gainsborough to Gauguin. Within a few years, the chromos began to be replaced with contemporary paintings, lithographs and etchings, many of which the good doctor got at low prices for his neighbors, on the plea of encouraging art appreciation. Today, for a radius of 50 miles around Lindsborg, hundreds of modest farm and town homes contain good examples of modern art. At the McPherson high school recently, there was an exhibit of contemporary paintings; many of them went to farmers.

Bethany College is also the seat of the nationally known Messiah Music Festival, held annually in Holy Week since 1882. In the early days, it was strictly a local affair — Dr. Sandzén himself sang solos. Now important parts are taken by singers from the Metropolitan and elsewhere. The chorus is still made up solely of college and town people — five hundred of them. The audience regularly includes residents of twenty or more states. Though colleges like Bethany are few, there are five state educational institutions, two municipal universities — at Topeka and Wichita — and twelve privately endowed colleges with the right to confer degrees. There is also a theological seminary.

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DR. BUNCHE OF THE UN

BY IRWIN ROSS

IN THE short space of a year, Ralph J. Bunche has become a legend in the land. His countrymen — notoriously unsentimental about diplomats — have warmed to him with a fervor usually limited to ball players and movie queens. For Bunche is more than the famed UN mediator who brought peace to the Holy Land. He is more than an amazing success story. He is an extraordinarily likable fellow — a genial, unassuming man who is miles removed from your chilly cookie-pusher in striped pants.

Informal in the extreme, Bunche is probably the only top diplomat ever to go on a cross-country speaking tour that had all the happy lunacy of an old-fashioned medicine show. He hadn't planned it that way last summer — but throughout he was a good trouper. At a Rotary Club luncheon in Seattle, for example, he came on after three hootchy-kootchy dancers had convulsed the audience. Bunche wiggled his heavy torso in arch-parody — and then launched into his spiel.

Throughout his two-month tour, he had to be prepared to speak at a moment's notice. In San Francisco, he took his wife to the theatre. The manager spotted the Bunches at the ticket window and escorted them to seats near the stage. When the first act was over, the manager introduced Bunche and asked him to say a few words about the UN. Bunche obligingly complied.

Bunche's sensitivity to other people's feelings has wasted much of his valuable time. Typical was when he went shopping last Christmas. He entered a large New York jewelry store to buy a string of pearls for his wife. The manager recognized Bunche and engaged him in a long conversation about Israel. This completed, he insisted on taking him on a tour of the store. Two hours were consumed. "But how could I have refused?" Bunche asks. "He was so proud of that store."

Fame has brought an embarrassment of acclaim. In the first three months after he settled the Palestine

IRWIN ROSS is a free-lance writer whose *Strategy for Liberals* was published in 1949 by Harper. His last MERCURY article, "Sex in the Boom Towns," appeared in November 1942.

dispute, Bunche got more than a thousand speaking invitations. He accepted about seventy. "But I had a devil of a time saying no," he recalls. "I have long thought it was lucky I wasn't born a girl."

Month after month, the torrent of honors continued. New York gave him the traditional open-car welcome; Los Angeles came through with a Ralph J. Bunche day. The Bunche home is knee-deep in medals, scrolls and certificates—from organizations ranging from the National Conference of Christians and Jews to the Ardmore Junior High School of Ardmore, Pa., which awarded Bunche its "Honorary Civic Certificate." He also received degrees from thirteen colleges and universities—including Harvard, Fisk, the New School for Social Research and the Jewish Theological Seminary. He had to turn down a dozen other degrees because he couldn't arrange to be at the universities in order to receive them.

The burden of fame rests lightly on Bunche. He still lives in a modest apartment in Parkway Village, the UN "compound" in Queens; still drives his car to work each morning. These days, the Bunche household includes his handsome wife, Ruth, and their six-year-old son, Ralph, Jr. Their two daughters are away at school. Joan, who is eighteen, is a

freshman at Vassar; Jane, sixteen, is a senior at the Friends School in Westtown, Pa.

Bunche wasn't back in the United States for more than a few months before there grew up around him a cluster of legends which had no basis in fact. He had, it was reported, attempted to get a room at a hotel in San Francisco and had been denied admittance because of his color. Actually, he hadn't even tried a hotel; he had stayed in Palo Alto with friends. Later, a flock of tales crept into the gossip columns about how he had been kept out of Washington hotels. "Not a word of truth," Bunche says. "Why I'd never stay at a Washington hotel. My wife has so many relatives in town they'd be insulted." One legend concerned a Washington movie theatre. Refused a ticket because of his color, it was said, he lapsed into French and was promptly admitted as a foreign diplomat. "A story much to the point in Washington," Bunche remarks. "It has only one flaw: it didn't happen."

Bunche, of course, has had his share of color discrimination. And last summer, when President Truman sought to appoint him as an Assistant Secretary of State—the highest Federal post ever offered a Negro—Bunche politely declined. One of his reasons was his distaste for Jim Crow Washington. "I served my exile

there," he says. "Now I prefer to live as a free man."

II

As a young man, Bunche resolved never to use Jim Crow facilities. Once he was thrown off a streetcar in Birmingham for refusing to stand in the colored section. When he was a high school student, he led a campaign to end Jim Crow barriers in Pasadena soda parlors. He and his friends would enter an establishment, sit down at the counter and refuse to move until they were served. Sometimes they sat for hours. In the end, they were usually served.

But Bunche betrays no personal bitterness, and when he retells one of these "racial incidents" the humorous absurdity of the situation is uppermost in his account. One story concerns the time he was traveling south from Washington on a Pullman train. Entering the dining car, he was ushered to a table behind a little railing. He refused to sit down. "I'm claustrophobic in Jim Crow enclosures," he said. The steward was apologetic but pleaded that he was helpless. Bunche returned to his compartment. A half hour later, there was a knock on his door. It was one of the Negro waiters, who congratulated him on his militance and unveiled a tray of food. All evening, a stream of waiters and porters conveyed delicacies to Bunche's door. In every case, they refused to accept any money.

Bunche's qualities of tolerance and good humor — combined with endless patience and a rare ingenuity — in large part accounted for his success in mediating the difficult Palestine dispute. He arrived on the Greek island of Rhodes, headquarters of the negotiations, in January 1949. "I'll never adjourn this meeting," he announced. "I'll stay for ten years if necessary."

Actually, he stayed on Rhodes for three months, a Buddha-like figure of serenity — a powerfully-built man, with a sad, heavy-lidded face, a benign smile and a tolerant chuckle. His mere physical presence — his solidity, his calm — had a soothing effect in the emotionally surcharged atmosphere. "I never once saw him lose his temper," his secretary, Doreen Daughton, reports. "Whenever the tension became too great he would knock off for a game of billiards or ping-pong."

A rather informal Buddha, with a cigarette forever drooping from his lips, Bunche handled the contentious Arabs and Israelis with a sure paternal hand. One of the most difficult impasses occurred when the Transjordan-Israel negotiations were getting under way. The delegates were so touchy and stand-offish that it took five days for Bunche to arrange the

first joint meeting, at which the delegation chiefs were supposed to shake hands. At the appointed hour, the Arabs entered the room first and sat down. Then the Israelis filed in. To Bunche's amazement the Arabs remained seated. He brought the two chairmen face to face. The Israeli extended his hand. The Arab looked the other way. Bunche quickly adjourned the meeting.

After the session, the outraged Israeli chairman announced his imminent departure. Bunche managed to stall him. "What's a handshake?" he scoffed sympathetically. "A mere gesture." Then Bunche confronted the Arab chairman, who apologized. He had meant to shake hands, as promised, but his delegation had outvoted him the night before.

"The Security Council will hold you responsible," Bunche warned sternly, "for the collapse of these negotiations over an act of sheer personal discourtesy!" The Arab wilted. Then, at last, he had an idea. If Bunche would arrange a private meeting he would shake hands. Bunche did — and he did. The initial greeting was stiff, but after a few moments the Arab lapsed into his own language and the Israeli responded with great fluency. The Arab was delighted — and suddenly a rapport was established.

Throughout the negotiations his

approach was deft. "Whatever you do," he advised his subordinates, "keep 'em talking." He feared that stalemate would lead to a surge of futility, and he hoped to wear down opposition through a relentless search for solutions. The result was a back-breaking regimen. He sometimes didn't leave the Hotel des Roses, negotiation headquarters, for weeks at a time.

Bunche usually began his first conference at ten or ten-thirty. At midnight he would still be going strong. One by one his staff would announce their fatigue and go to bed. At one A.M., Bunche would go downstairs for an hour of billiards. At two o'clock, refreshed, he'd often get a new inspiration — and immediately rout his secretary out of bed to type an elaborate memo. Around three o'clock he would finally retire.

He succeeded in exhausting everybody but himself, a process which immeasurably speeded the negotiations. Mediation-by-attrition was climaxed the final day of the Egyptian-Israeli negotiations. One point remained to be decided — the line separating the East-West fronts. Bunche went to work at ten A.M. He remained in his sitting room for twenty hours, receiving first the Egyptian delegation, then the Israeli, then the Egyptian — and so on in endless procession. He refused to knock off for meals, re-

fused to let the conferees go to bed. At six the following morning, they reached a settlement.

Time after time Bunche saved the situation by indirection. Both sides claimed the little town of El Auja. Bunche decided that the best solution was to make it a demilitarized zone, belonging to neither. But at first he withheld this proposal. Instead he argued for the creation of an ambitious "international enclave" at El Auja—a neutral zone belonging to the UN. This extreme proposal met with vehement objection, as Bunche anticipated. When each side had let off enough steam, Bunche withdrew his dummy plan and casually advanced the scheme he really favored. It won quick acceptance.

III

Bunche, a scholar, athlete and government official, came to his rôle of UN mediator by a circuitous path. He was born in Detroit, Mich., on August 7, 1904. His father was a barber; the family was very poor. Both his parents died when he was thirteen and he was reared by his grandmother, a tiny woman of vibrant spirit and strong conviction.

She taught Bunche to feel pride in his race, never to accept a slight from anyone, but to bear no bitterness; she was deeply religious. Bunche's good-humored militance on the race ques-

tion owes much to this training. Equally significant is the fact that during his most impressionable years, while he was growing up, he had many white friends and never knew the disabilities of color. He was thirteen when he first encountered racial discrimination—and by this time he was psychologically prepared to cope with it.

Bunche knew hard work from his earliest years. In Detroit, he hawked newspapers and served as a delivery boy. Later, after the family moved to Los Angeles, he held a number of jobs while attending high school. He worked as a messenger for the *Los Angeles Times*, carried lead bricks as a "pig boy" in the linotype room, spent one summer as a house servant in Hollywood.

Although he had a late start, he was gradually learning the full poignancy of being a Negro. In Jefferson High School, Bunche, a brilliant student, was selected to give the commencement address. But an unwritten rule excluded him from the senior honor society. And the principal, bidding him good-bye, said, "Ralph, I'm sorry to see you go. We never thought of you as a Negro."

"That line stopped me dead," Bunche recalls. "I just didn't know what to say. But I have never forgotten it."

Discrimination only spurred Bunche

to greater efforts. "And success, I must confess, had a sweeter taste because of color." At UCLA, he won his varsity letter in basketball but also played some baseball and football. He was elected to the Student Board of Control, served as president of the debating society and sports editor of the senior year-book. Majoring in political science, he won scholarships for three years and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Like thousands of UCLA students, Bunche had to work his way through college, partly by swabbing stores and luncheonettes; and he earned around \$300 each summer working as a messman on the Admiral Line ships.

In 1927, Bunche took his A.B. degree, *summa cum laude*, and received a tuition fellowship for graduate studies at Harvard. But he was broke, had not even enough money to cover his train fare to Cambridge. By this time, however, he was something of a hero to the Negro community of Los Angeles. A friend exploited this popularity by arranging a benefit "to send our Ralph to Harvard." The club members raised \$1000.

In Cambridge, Bunche dropped in at a Massachusetts Avenue bookshop. He bore a letter from a Los Angeles friend requesting that he be granted a discount on his textbooks. But the Cambridge bookdealer had poor eyesight. He thought his caller was

looking for a job—and promptly hired him. Bunche's financial problems were thus solved. He took classes in the morning and worked in the bookshop in the afternoon. One day, the owner's wife came in and peered rather querulously at Bunche. Later Bunche was called into the back room. "Ralph," the boss said, "are you a Negro?"

"Of course. What did you think?"

"Well, it doesn't matter now. But if I had noticed your color the first time I'd never have hired you."

By the end of the year, Bunche was awarded the Thayer Fellowship and was also offered a job at Howard University. He taught at Howard for a year, met his future wife, Ruth Harris, then returned to Harvard to complete residence requirements for his doctorate. He finally received the degree in 1934—the first Negro to be awarded a Ph.D. in political science.

Off and on, Bunche taught at Howard from 1928 to 1941. He founded its political science department and by 1938 had attained the rank of full professor. His special field was colonial affairs, a preoccupation which sent him on extended field trips—financed by the Rosenwald Fund and the Social Science Research Council—to Europe, Africa, the Near East, China and Japan. But he was nothing if not versatile: he spent two years preparing much of the research ma-

terial for Gunnar Myrdal's exhaustive study of the American Negro.

Bunche's governmental debut came about unexpectedly. In 1941, he received a phone call from Conyers Reed, an assistant to Col. William Donovan at the office of the Coordinator of Information (later the famed Office of Strategic Services). Reed was looking for a colonial expert; Bunche had been recommended by Charles McIlwain, one of his professors at Harvard.

Bunche jumped at the job. He was soon at work on intelligence surveys preparatory to the North African invasion. By June 1943, he had been promoted to chief of the Africa section of OSS. His name began to get around in governmental circles.

A year and a half later, Bunche was tapped by the State Department, becoming the first Negro to hold a "desk job" there. But his appointment had been delayed for six months; two or three prejudiced officials had stymied it. When Cordell Hull heard of the animus against Bunche, he blew his top. He didn't care if Bunche was all the colors in the rainbow—he wanted good men. Shortly thereafter, Bunche was at work in State.

He was engaged on the dependent territory phase of preparations for the UN, and served as adviser at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco. His major contribution was writing

much of the trusteeship matter in the Charter. Since early 1946 he has worked directly for the UN and now holds the title of Principal Director of the Department of Trusteeships.

When the Palestine issue was thrown in the UN's lap in 1947, Bunche was sent to the Holy Land with the UN's Special Committee. The following spring, the war between the Arabs and the Jews began. Trygve Lie summoned Bunche. Count Bernadotte had just accepted appointment as mediator. Lie wanted Bunche to fly to Paris, pick up Bernadotte and escort him to Israel.

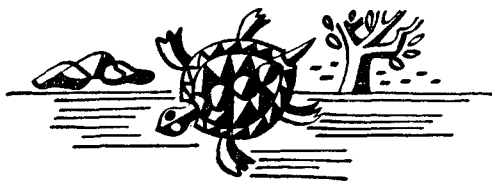
Lie promised that he would be away no more than three or four weeks. Instead, the job took eleven months. In September 1948, Count Bernadotte was assassinated and Bunche took over as mediator. Eight months later, Palestine was safely at peace—one of the few decisive achievements to the UN's credit.

When he completed his mission on Rhodes, Bunche gave each of the delegates a memento—a handsome piece of local pottery, bearing the inscription: "Rhodes armistice negotiations." The pottery had been purchased weeks in advance and stored in a closet. "What would you have done with all that stuff if we had failed?" an Israeli asked Bunche.

Said Bunche: "I'd have smashed the damn things over your heads!"

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



KILLDEER! KILLDEER!

IT IS probable that for every one of us there exists some particular sight, some particular sound, some particular scent, that has a unique power to stir and move us with a piercing poignancy. We may be passing along a city street, and see some trivial thing that to every other passerby is commonplace—a particular patterning of sunlight, say, upon the pavement—and all at once we are wrung almost intolerably by emotion to which we can scarcely put a name. Or we stroll into an evening garden, much like every other garden of our crowded adult years, and all at once we catch the fragrance of one special plant, and we are struck motionless and nearly shivering with the spell of obscure recollection. In the silence of the night we hear the whistle of a distant train sound just such-and-such a note; and in that instant there surges into our remembrance a train-whistle that

sounded just that note in a midnight of our childhood forty or fifty years ago, and we can scarcely breathe for the shock of our emotion of lost magics and long-ago and might-have-been.

For every one of us, there are sights and sounds and scents with this sweet and terrible power. Out of such stuffs are made all the dreams of Paradises Lost, and Edens, and Arcadias. We are carried back and back to some lost and golden glory. We are caught up in an ancient enchantment. A moment, and it is over. We resume our way along the city street, clutching our briefcase. We rouse ourself in the garden, and shift the highball glass to the other hand, and listen to the rest of the anecdote that the weekending stockbroker is telling. We turn over in bed, and grunt, and forget the train, and go to sleep again to our customary dream of 5 per cent per annum. But for an instant, at least, for one lovely and awful moment of awareness, we have had an experience

that may leave the strongest man close to tears.

Anything — anything at all — may be the conjurer of these almost unbearable evocations; for what is stirred, of course, is our memory or sub-memory of some long-gone happiness originally associated with this particular sound, this particular sight, this sudden scent of phlox-blooms in the dusk. Perhaps, when we were seven, we had one of those moments of overpowering and inarticulate realization of the splendor of aliveness which occur in every childhood, and perhaps, just then, we saw a certain sort of cumulus cloud sail by. Half a lifetime later the glimpse of such a cloud again may move us more profoundly than any music. We have had a half-glance back into Eden. We have been seized, for this instant, by the impossible dream of the Golden Age, which has tormented all men, everywhere. Anything, anything at all, may be the conjurer of the brief and piercing vision. But there are a few happenings of earth that have particularly widespread power among us to be agents of these evocations. The hoot of an owl, for instance; or the smell of mown grass; or the clustering of moths around a porch-light; or the dim dustiness, and the hay-and-apples scent, of the inside of an old barn. Who has heard an owl in childhood midnight is susceptible to owl-

spell forever. Who has had happiness at all in childhood can scarcely fail to have experienced at least some of its exultations to the accompaniment of the scent of mown grass — (were we rolling and tussling on it perhaps? or lying on our back upon it and staring at the blue arch of the summer sky? or just breathing the smell of it, and staring at *everything*, with the big-eyed endless appetite of childhood for the mere miraculousness of being?) — and such a one of us, going grim and dull at forty-five, may at any instant hear the whirr of a lawnmower behind a suburban hedge and lo! may “get a glory.”

For some millions of us, the flash of vision is likely to occur in March and April. What touches it off is a sound we hear . . . a sound that may be heard in the sky over towns and even over cities. It is a high, thin, jubilating kind of sound. *Killdeer! Killdeer! Kill-dee-dee-deeee!* If our childhood, or any of the happy times of the life that lies behind us, have been spent in farm country where there were stony pastures and sweeps of furrowed fields, old wooden bridges and little willow-bordered creeks . . . well, we hear this *Killdeer! Killdeer!* ringing out now, wild and sweet, and we very likely stand stock-still in the busy street and heedlessly snarl the traffic. We do not see automobiles and buildings and hurrying people. We do not

feel the weight of the briefcase, containing those dreary insurance policies we are peddling. What is present to us, in the senses of the mind, is the spring smell of the earth, with the first furrows being turned now in killdeer-time. What we see is the glitter of the pale spring sunlight on the creek; and we hear the peepers calling from the marsh, over there beyond the old barn. The killdeers have come, and it is spring! The killdeer-plovers are running behind the plow, bobbing and calling. There is a smell of thaw-time, and bluebirds are singing softly in the apple orchard, and the sap is running . . .

II

The sober natural history of the small plover called a killdeer does not take long to set down. The bird is one of fourteen species of North American plovers, a bird-family noted in the textbooks as "shore birds" but by no means confined to coastal areas. Killdeer plovers, though they sometimes frequent the shore and sometimes nest around the edges of salt marshes, are primarily inland birds. What they love is open farm country, cropped fields, bottom-lands of bare earth. To a countryman, and especially a plowman, killdeers are the very spirit of the fields. They follow the plow, for the insects stirred up. They run the furrows, in a perpetual excitement

and exuberation. They whirl up and circle around and around over the farm, wheeling and skittering and crying. Killdeers take their diet from the fields; they perform their rushing, tumbling courting flights over the fields; they lay their speckled eggs in the fields; and over the fields they may be heard calling and crying their curious music on moonlight nights. Whoever has known a farm-land childhood has known killdeers as almost the most intimate part of the daily texture of it. A farm is the butter churn, and it is the sound of bees, and the fragrance of lilacs, and it is the smell of cows and horses and harness; and it is killdeers.

It must be a unique farm boyhood in which there has never been a search for a killdeer's nest, and an encounter with the startling killdeer-strategy employed when the nest is endangered. A killdeer's "nest," actually, is no nest at all. Occasionally the birds may scrape together a few twigs and pebbles in a furrow, before the depositing of the four dull buff eggs, streaked and speckled with browns, black and lavender; but most commonly the eggs are simply placed directly upon the bare earth, as though symbolically of the killdeers' profound affinity with the home-soil of the farm. Most shore birds' eggs are sharply pointed. The shape keeps them from rolling off the narrow ledges of seaside cliffs

where they are often laid. Killdeer eggs are typical shore-bird eggs in this respect. They are exaggeratedly pear-shaped, and are laid with the points all to the corner of the group. There is no possibility that the eggs can roll away to disaster from a flat field; but the shore-bird pattern persists; and if the eggs are disarranged, the killdeer is scrupulous to return them to proper position again.

The clutch of mottled killdeer eggs, nestled almost invisibly against the warm brown earth, is a treasure worth a long hunting. And a long hunting it proves to be. To see a killdeer pattering over the furrows, its small rather dove-like body bobbing merrily on the slim, twinkling plover-legs, is to have the impression of a bird full of friendly trustfulness. But in nesting-time the plovers have a wary way with them. "Goin' huntin' for killdeer-eggs" is likely to mean a long day's outing for a country boy; which is doubtless one of the reasons why the recollection means so much to so many of us. For it recalls hours of prowling the fields and pastures, with eyes so alert for the stir of a killdeer that they took in, too, a thousand other pasture-things: the look of rocks, with the sun on them, the texture of the bark of the old apple trees, the dart and swoop of swallows as they dipped down to the creek or cir-

clcd back to the open hay-mow door. There is remembered just how the killdeer looked, when at last the bird was flushed and rose clattering and wailing; and there is the remembrance of the astonishing thing the bird did next. She came down to the ground again, only a few feet from where it had seemed her nest must be; and then she began running wildly in little pattering circles and zigzags, dragging her wings as though she were crippled, and crying all the while most piteously. What boy could resist following her — she so near, and apparently so helpless, that surely at any moment one might seize her in the hand — and what boy but must have experienced an unforgettable shock of dismay and delight to realize, after a few minutes, that she had coaxed him away and away from her eggs until now the spot could never possibly be found again? This was the moment when the male killdeer appeared out of nowhere, whooping and chortling, and then when the two birds flew off together to the far side of the field, their ringing *Killdeer! Killdeer!* sounding diminuendo in the ears of a boy who would now have to go on to a new field and start a search all over again.

This killdeer performance, ornithologically speaking, is but a case of the "response" called feigning. Ornithologically speaking, for that matter, a

killdeer is but *Oxyechus vociferus* (Linnaeus). The lovely white ring that separates a killdeer's brown head from its tawny back, and the two black bands that cross a killdeer's white breast, have a dry, precise name in the reference works. They are "ruptive marks," and there are monographs on their significance as avian camouflage. The killdeer? Well, now, ornithologically speaking, the killdeer is a plover with narrowly white-tipped primary coverts; it is related both to *Squatarola squatarola cynosurae* and to *Pluvialis dominica dominica*, and is similar in size to those fellow-members of the *Charadriidae*; the precocial young of the killdeer are . . .

Enough. More than enough.

Who, who has known the killdeer in the April fields, can bear with this manner of talk? *Oxyechus vociferous*, nothing! That is not what a killdeer is. What a killdeer is is the glory of the spring, when the peepers are calling and plows are turning the first soft earth. What a killdeer is is long hours in the sun-hot fields, and the feel of the earth under-foot, and the going home at evening when the cattle are coming in. What a killdeer is is a farm-land, and a boy in it, far away and long ago.

Killdeer! Killdeer! rings out over a town or a city now, and we hear it, and can scarcely move or speak. *That* is what a killdeer is. We need not be ashamed.

SHORT SERMON

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

For wisdom and philosophy
Shun old men and printed things,
All echoes of authority
And its brittle certainties.

Life is the soft refrain
Of eternity,
And hope
Its sufficient blessing.

Truth is kind,
Warm and strong,
Ordained only
By the memory of song.

OBERLIN COLLEGE: BEACON IN THE WILDERNESS

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

IN THE great and lasting exodus from New England during the nineteenth century, only a few Yankee emigrants went forth with any conscious plan to influence the regions they were to settle. All of them casually took their Yankee notions along, things like baked beans of a Saturday night; like their religion, which was usually headed by a Congregational God of Old Testament size and temperament; like their love of schooling; and like their political leanings which, except in the matter of anti-slavery, where they were adamant, were as changeable as New England weather. Their primary reason for leaving their old homes was not to implant their customs and beliefs in whatever new state was in the making. Most of them went away for the sole purpose of bettering themselves.

There were, of course, exceptions. A few individuals moved upon the West hot-eyed, with the avowed purpose of influencing that new and savage country, especially in the matter

of education and religion, which in that day were considered by a majority of people to be one and the same thing. That was the way Oberlin in the Western Reserve came into being, to rise like a bright beacon in the immense night of the great forest of the Northwest Territory; and Oberlin Collegiate Institute was to influence the culture of Ohio and the newer states to the West as perhaps nothing else before or since.

Oberlin was the dream of two obscure Congregational preachers and fanatics named Philo Penfield Stewart and John Jay Shiperd, who had been schoolmates in the Academy at Pawlet, Vt., and had been inspired by the good works in the American West of David Bacon, Joseph Badger, Thomas Robbins, and other agents of the New England Home Missionary Society. So, Stewart and Shiperd went into the wilderness along the shore of Lake Erie to carry the torch for the true religion and education. In 1832, they were stationed in the small village of

STEWART H. HOLBROOK *appears regularly in the MERCURY. This article is based on passages from his latest book, The Yankee Exodus, to be published next month by Macmillan.*

Elyria, O., when the idea of founding a training school for more missionaries obsessed them — missionaries who would spread out and Christianize, for Congregationalism, the whole vast valley of the Mississippi.

By training young men on the spot, far away from civilized Connecticut and Massachusetts, the acolytes would be better fitted for the work at hand; and so, too, the young women to be trained, for the school Stewart and Shiperd were planning was to be quite revolutionary; it would accept females. It would also be a manual labor school where students would learn to work with their hands and thus be equal to the frontier conditions they were certain to meet. Would it not be a happy thing if a young preacher could direct the construction and raising of a church building, and advise about planting and harvest, or about the making of clothes, or administer to the sick such simples and medicinals as could be readily found in the clearings? The idea was perfectly sound. Moreover, students by their labor could help pay for the cost of their education in higher matters.

II

Philo Stewart and John Shiperd were true and uncompromising fanatics, the sort who more often than not actually accomplish what they set out

to do. Before they set out to locate a site for their school, they prayed for days on end; and when they were at last cruising the deep woods of the Western Reserve, they stopped often and asked for divine guidance. Finally, in the township of Russia, Lorain County, the Lord responded to their appeals by indicating that this was indeed the spot. The two dreamers immediately declared, there in the forest, that it should be and was named Oberlin, honoring a German pastor, John Frederic Oberlin, who, in Alsace-Lorraine, had given sixty years of "almost incredible devotion to redeeming an ignorant and degraded population." The very reason for choosing Oberlin's name was conclusive evidence of what Shiperd and Stewart thought of the work ahead of them.

So, while the ignorant and degraded settlers of the Western Reserve continued to live happily in that condition, John Shiperd started on horseback for Connecticut and New Haven, there to see the Messrs. Street & Hughes, speculators, who owned the desired land in Russia township.

Now the Devil was patently as real to John Shiperd as he had been to Martin Luther, and Shiperd had not gone far when a sinister form which he instantly identified as The Adversary assailed him — assailed him with

doubt, with terror, ridicule, apathy. Shiperd faltered, he later admitted, but not for long. There in the dark wilderness, confronted with an even darker figure, the young missionary sent forth prayers, then started his horse again and this time triumphantly rode down the Evil One who dreaded with satanic prescience what an Oberlin Collegiate Institute would do to his domain in the Western Reserve and the Mississippi valley. And the Lord remained with His pilgrim and Shiperd prevailed on Street & Hughes to sell the tract wanted "at a reasonable figure."

Philo Stewart meanwhile was not idle. With characteristic foresight and ingenuity he was working to perfect a cooking stove of new design, which he planned to sell in order to support the new school in the great swamp of Lorain county. No more typical Yankee partnership could be found. Here was one of them riding down a horned Devil; the other sweating to make a homely domestic contrivance that every Ohio pioneer family would buy and thus give support to the school that was going to drive the same horned Devil and all of his minions straight back into Hell.

Then, or later, the school at Oberlin was seldom to lack either idealism or practicality. But Philo Stewart was having as difficult a time of it as John Shiperd with the Devil. By mid-

May of 1833 he had cast "the greater part of four stoves," which he felt was woefully little. Certain things, he said, had to be worked out most carefully if the stove were to be as good as he intended. He continued to labor hard. A little later his work was to be of wonderful aid to Oberlin.

III

Clearing ground for the Oberlin colony, or village, and the school, went ahead swiftly throughout 1833, and in December a building was ready for the first class, which was composed, as the founders had planned, of both young men and young women. This first co-educational place of learning in the United States was presently chartered by the state of Ohio as the Oberlin Collegiate Institute.

The Rev. Seth H. Waldo, graduate of Amherst college, was secured as the first principal. James Dascomb, M.D., Dartmouth, came to teach botany, chemistry and physiology. All other pedagogues, then and for years to come, were "the products of New England culture and ideas."

The Oberlin Yankees were also busy with the new village. A flour mill was soon running, turned by a genuine steam engine; and also a saw-mill. At the first town meeting, when the conventional three selectmen were elected, it was voted, quite in character, that the village houses and

school buildings should be painted red, for red paint was "the most durable and least expensive." This was merely an old Yankee notion in extreme degree; in New England most of the farm and village houses were painted white, so far as the front and sides were concerned; but the back sides were of the most durable and least expensive red. Oberlin was radical about it.

The first year of the Institute was successful, and at the beginning of the second year slightly more than one hundred men and women were enrolled. Co-Founder Shiperd now sought to depart even further from the conventional college practices of the time. "*Resolved*," he wrote, in italics, "*that Students shall be received into this Institution regardless of color.*"

Here was a truly radical departure. Even the anti-slavery Yankees of the Western Reserve thought it was going too far, and many of them protested. Oberlin did not waver. It encouraged Negro families to come to live in the village and to send their children to the Institute. Oberlin also stood for Abolition without compromise. Not so the Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. This school, headed by the eminent Dr. Lyman Beecher, a Connecticut Yankee who had moved into Ohio with his brood of talented children, was presently split asunder on the snag of slavery.

The splitting was done by young Theodore Dwight Weld, born in Connecticut, who had already converted the faculty of Western Reserve College at Hudson to Abolition. Weld then entered Lane as a student and quickly organized the student body in favor of Abolition. Lane's trustees expelled Weld. So great was this young man's leadership that he took almost the entire student body with him, direct to Oberlin, and there gave a series of lectures on slavery so popular that Oberlin could not even begin to accept all the applications for entry. The "ignorant and degraded" inhabitants of Ohio had turned out to be far from fearful of the light from Oberlin's beacon.

From one of Weld's lectures at Oberlin, "American Slavery as It Is," Dr. Beecher's daughter Harriet crystallized *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. One of Weld's converts, Gamaliel Bailey edited the *National Era*, which ran Harriet's story as a serial before it went between covers.

With the Weld lectures and excitement, Oberlin began a period of explosive ferment that put Ohio safely in the anti-slavery ranks and also expanded into great influence in the other western states and territories. Soon to the much-discussed school came the Rev. Charles G. Finney, Presbyterian, revivalist and Abolitionist, bringing what was called, with

capital letters, The Big Tent, in which to hold mass meetings of students and townsmen. To speak in The Big Tent came Stephen Foster, the songster, and Frederick Douglass and Garrison of the *Liberator*. Negroes continued to move steadily to Oberlin village. Between 1850 and 1860 they numbered 5 per cent of the student body.

The Rev. Dr. Finney remained at Oberlin to head its theological department; and from Lane Seminary came Dr. Asa Mahan, Abolitionist, to head Oberlin itself. New endowments came to the school from Arthur and Lewis Tappan. Co-Founder John Shiperd became moody and restless and soon wandered off into the deeper wilderness of Michigan, looking for a site for another Oberlin. He found it in Eaton County and there, with his wife and children and six other families, he founded Olivet College, destined to survive and to send out its young men and women to start still newer schools along the lines of Oberlin and Olivet. The process continued until late in the century.

As early as 1837, the first missionaries went out from Oberlin. A year later, one of them had gone as far as the still unknown Oregon Country. Scores, then hundreds of graduates ranged the whole region in between, starting churches, founding schools and colleges, always carrying with them Oberlin's idealism and Ober-

lin's notions and intolerances. The Institute itself was overwhelmed with applications for entrance; and subsidiary Oberlins had to be opened temporarily at Sheffield and Abbeyville in Ohio.

IV

Reforms of all sorts stewed and steamed in Oberlin; and then went out into the West. One of the least popular of its crusades was for dietary reform. For several years, the nutritional ideas of Sylvester Graham were as dogma. Graham bread and burnt-toast coffee graced, if that is the word, Oberlin tables. Condiments were taboo. Students grumbled. One professor thought the fare so hideous that he provided a box of pepper for each table from his own meager funds. He was disciplined. Yet after 1842, both coffee and tea appeared, and also meat. Even Dr. Finney, an honest if a strange man, admitted that Grahamism had been a delusion.

The colony and the college, however, remained dynamic. Little by little, its graduates founded new Oberlins at Berea, Ky., Hillsdale College in Michigan, Ripon College in Wisconsin, Northfield (now Carleton) College in Minnesota, and Grinnell and Tabor Colleges in Iowa.

Students, faculty members and townspeople of Oberlin made the place an important station of the

Underground Railroad. When slave catchers dared to come there, Oberlin turned against them as a man. Violence broke out on occasion, and once, when a slave was abducted from the clutches of his captors, a number of students went to jail, where they became martyrs to Abolitionist sympathizers all over the West.

The name of the town spread up and down and across the filling West, and into the Deep South. Free Negroes heard about it and went there to live. Wild stories were circulated about the town and the college. Miscegenation was said to be rife. This did not happen to be true, but it served to fan Oberlin's fame, or notoriety, and kept it in the news. The town's aversion to liquor and tobacco was well known, and when a few bold saloon-keepers attempted to do business there, they found the going rough indeed. Rocks crashed through their windows; fires broke out on their premises. Tobacco, after many a battle, was at last stocked by several store-keepers, though no college youth or professor dared to patronize such places. Oberlin's tolerance did not include works of that sinister Adversary whom good Dr. Shiperd had ridden down a-horse-back. . . .

The Sabbath was also to be kept holy. When Dr. Finney was traveling by boat to begin his long service with

the college, he discovered to his horror that his last day of travel would come on the Sabbath. He had himself placed on shore to spend Sunday in meditation, then resumed his journey. For the next three decades and more, Oberlin was solidly against any normal enjoyment of what most Christians — the Adventists excepted — call, with a handsome disregard for the calendar, the seventh day of the week.

Meanwhile, the name of Oberlin was being stamped boldly in the metal of more than one hundred thousand copies of Philo Stewart's perfected cooking stove, commonly admitted to be the best stove in the old Northwest Territory. ("Let them fry on an Oberlin stove," said an impious Oberlin student, "or let them fry in Hell.") A portion of the profit on every stove went to the college. Stewart himself reflected perfectly the reform spirit of the college he helped to found and support. In Troy, N. Y., he opened a water-cure establishment, a feature of which was "an original system of gymnastics," which failed. It was Stewart, incidentally, who had first imposed the dreadful dietary system on Oberlin.

The cauldron of Oberlin boiled over again and again. When the Civil war started, Deacon Beecher of that town protested the fighting and went

forth to induce the North to enlist hundreds of thousands of unarmed citizens to mass along Mason and Dixon's line and there to pray, to send up a mighty chorus of supplication to God "until the rebels are vanquished and brought to terms." Another typical Oberlin worthy was Hiram Pease, who was so filled with missionary zeal that he spent sermon time counting "the supernumerary buttons on the garments of the brethren present," then reckoned up how much they had cost in money, and hence, how many Bibles were thus withheld from the ignorant and degraded population of the Mississippi valley. Mr. Pease did not do this lightly, but put forth his findings and criticism in open meeting. It probably took just such fanatics to make Oberlin's impact felt so strongly in the West.

The college sent out its propaganda, after 1838, in the *Oberlin Evangelist*, an aggressive and influential periodical in all matters pertaining to Abolition, temperance, anti-nicotine, and

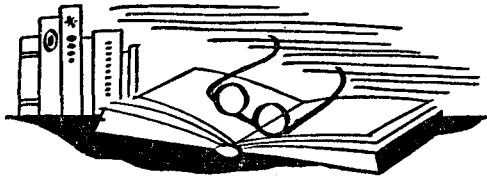
sabbatarianism. Coupled with hundreds of devout and determined young missionaries, who for decades circulated throughout the expanding West, the effect was doubtless very great. At least two historians of the Northwest Territory have cited Oberlin as having immense influence on the culture of Ohio, and of the newer states. Nor can one hardly pick up a book dealing with the region that is not liberally salted with the name of the college and the town. Even if The Adversary was not quite routed from Ohio, he was given pause. As for good Dr. Stewart, it would please him to know that Ohio is probably the leading state of the Union in the manufacture of cooking stoves. And both of the Founding Fathers would be happy that Oberlin College, even if no longer denominational, has more than a thousand "female students," along with 1200 men; that there are no sororities or fraternities; and that around one half of its students earn all or part of their way while in college.

PHRASE ORIGINS—62

TO BE AT LOGGERHEADS: *A loggerhead is an iron instrument with a long handle and a ball or bulb at the end used aboard ship for melting pitch or heating liquids, such as flip. Sailors are not generally finical about their choice of weapons in a fight and they have been known to reach for this formidable conquerer to settle an argument, when the more conventional marlin spike was not ready at hand. That, at any rate, is the most plausible derivation of the still controversial phrase, "to be at loggerheads."*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

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THE FUTURE OF AIR POWER

by WILLIAM B. ZIFF

I AM moved to several reflections by the recent remark of Secretary of Defense Johnson that the United States is ready to "lick hell" out of Russia on an hour's notice (despite our self-evident unreadiness for a full-dress war), and by the new spate of confident arguments urging the superiority of surface ships and the infantry-tank-artillery-tactical-air-team in battle.

Newest and most ambitious in this flow of determined philippics is Marshall Andrews' *Disaster Through Air Power* [\$2.00, Rinehart], which unqualifiedly rejects air strategy as a means of attaining military decision. Instead, it poses the "balanced force" concept, which appears to be a return to the big army and navy theory,

with air playing a thoroughly subordinate rôle. The core of the argument ranges around the familiar theme that "the Red Army *must* be engaged if it would be destroyed."

In the pages of Mr. Andrews' book, the big-battleship admirals and hand-to-hand-combat generals have come out of hiding and are once more making their points with vigor and heat. As may be judged from the title, the principal object of attack is the Air Force. Mr. Andrews attempts to prove literally that the Fly Boys have sold the citizenry a bill of goods, and that they are seeking power as a new military élite. He refers sententiously to the Air Force "bid for empire" and describes the supporters of military air doctrine as "zealots" and "propagandists," not neglecting to allude darkly to the idea that "some of these propagandists have a

WILLIAM B. ZIFF has written widely on international affairs. He is the author of *The Rape of Palestine*, *The Coming Battle of Germany*, *The Gentlemen Talk of Peace and Two Worlds*. During the war he was a consultant to the U. S. Department of Justice.

power or profit ax to grind." He believes that part of our "air power delusion" rests on the fact that "the airplane is an impressive and exciting machine, shedding an aura of glamor over those who operate it," and that "its speed and range appear to offer an easy answer to the perfectly natural human desire to win wars without fighting."

If there are rules of evidence which apply to the security program of a great nation, then the opinions expressed by Mr. Andrews reflect a wholly unsound military doctrine, strangely incongruous in these times of scientific and technological achievement. It does not gee with the anxieties of the age, the national fear of sudden and unprovoked assault upon our cities by enemy air raiders; and it does not consider the shocking information, acknowledged to the Congress by Air Secretary Symington, that the Kremlin now possesses the world's largest ground army and underseas fleet, together with an air arm capable of launching a surprise atomic attack on our cities "against which we have no sure defense."

Since Mr. Andrews' point of view is known to exist in full ardor among certain segments of the old-line generals and admirals, it is just as well it has been brought out. This is a healthful part of democratic procedure. Nevertheless, one is somewhat

shocked by the opinion voiced in the Foreword by Colonel S. L. A. Marshall, usually a thoughtful and gifted military writer: "The nature of power in our day has apparently foreclosed the possibility that the people can share in knowledge of the decisive portions in the final answers [of the art of war]." In other words, neither the Congress, with its alleged favoritism to the Air Force, nor the informed public, may properly participate in the decision as to the nature of our military establishment. I doubt if, on mature reflection, Sam Marshall will really find himself supporting this sort of mystical hokum. The Generals have long been fond of conceiving of themselves as a sort of priestly cult in which is lodged whatever omnipotence exists in this fragile world; but what is more likely to remain tenable is Lloyd George's dictum that "war is too important a matter to be left exclusively in the hands of the Generals."

Mr. Andrews severely castigates the "air power fallacy." It is his considered view that the airplane is just another weapon, and that the atom bomb is unproved — it would be highly unsound, he says, "to accept the scant evidence now available" as to its decisive properties, particularly since it "has been used only twice on military targets, both of which were entirely unprotected and peculiarly

susceptible to its effects." The Japanese might concede, however, that "only twice" provided quite sufficient evidence as far as they were concerned.

The usual argument against the A-bomb as a total weapon, and one which may possess some validity, is connected with the rising difficulties of delivery against worthwhile targets. This is an argument which Mr. Andrews does not develop. Instead, he quotes figures to prove that a bomb dropped over Forty-second Street and Broadway would do only "moderate damage to buildings 1500 yards away from the zero point." He suggests the use of the bomb against troops, in connection with theatre operations, believing that some decision may be gained there; yet it is hard to understand the usefulness of this maneuver in view of the bomb's cost and scarcity, and the ability of the USSR to survive a loss of 9.5 million soldiers and almost twice that many civilians, during World War II.

Mr. Andrews does not totally discount the value of airplanes in war. On the contrary, he views the employment of tactical aircraft (as a useful adjunct to surface warfare) as unqualifiedly successful. In support of this idea, he cites the "German employment of tactical aircraft in the amazing 1940 sweep through France and the Low Countries," but he neglects to tell us why Hitler failed

so decisively in the Battle of Britain, and why the Fuehrer's early land successes turned out to be a graveyard for him and his Thousand-Year Reich.

A considerable share of Mr. Andrews' inquiry into the nature of power is centered around the much debated B-36, and around the concept that the case for strategic air warfare rests with the ability of attacking bombers to pinpoint key objectives in a series of shattering and triumphant assaults. In short, if the B-36s cannot crush the Russians within a period of weeks or months, the case for air power ignominiously collapses, relegating the airplane to the status of the tank, the artillery arm and the rocket. He observes what may be entirely true, that forward bases, used as launching platforms for the vertical envelopment of Russian production centers, cannot be defended; but in his enthusiasm he does not see that if this is correct, they certainly cannot be defended against conventional land and sea attack either; nor does he see that irrespective of the worth of any single type of airplane, the revolutionary quality which the heavier-than-air machine has brought to war remains unaltered. The mere fact that defensive power may once more be in the ascendancy in no way alters the basic situation, though it greatly affects the pattern of operation. The mere existence of superior mobility

and speed in war invalidates the concept of the airplane as just another weapon. Air power, moreover, has added a new dimension to war, and hence a new and critical problem to the defense, by exposing the enemy's rear to the direct possibility of destruction.

Actually, the airplane is not a weapon but an immensely superior carrier of both men and weapons. In this primary sense alone, it becomes the hard center of sound military doctrine, and demands a totally revised concept of military organization, strategy and security. If this is not true, then the H-bomb loses much of its terror; the position of empires with control of ocean commerce remains invincible; industrial decentralization no longer becomes a central military problem; nor need the generals embark on costly methods of digging underground to protect such critical installations as those at Los Alamos.

II

The idea that land and sea forces are required even when the air force is paramount is hardly novel. But these elements, despite their comparative importance, are subordinate to the principal strategic pattern, as were the hard-fighting marines to the great hulking dreadnoughts of their time, or, for that matter, the battlegewagon to today's airborne navy.

Mr. Andrews unequivocally believes that "a war with Russia would be a land war from first to last" and at the same time that "sea power gives the Allies the key to Russia's backdoor: Turkey, Greece, and the Balkans"; though there seems more than room for doubt that even the most die-hard advocate of sea power would risk being caught in the Mediterranean with his battle-wagons if Russian power should swiftly envelop Europe. Mr. Andrews believes that our geographical position gives us "global interior lines" so that sea and sea-airborne thrusts could "by the shortest possible routes, reach any point on the Eurasian perimeter." These missions, he contends, would compel a fatal dispersion of Russia's defense forces over the entire defense perimeter. Thus, his somewhat self-contradictory conclusion: "it is in no way clear that a land invasion of Russia would be necessary to complete a land victory in Europe." Apparently the fleet alone, with air in a supporting rôle, might very well "succeed in forcing over-extension of Russian land power and achieve its defeat in detail." The supporting air, operating under naval commanders, would cut off the Soviet Army's retreat back into Russia by bombing out bridges, roads, railways and other transportation facilities.

Whatever this dream may be worth,

it does not appear to conform to geography. The principal Russian installations and major cities are located far inland and dispersed over a wide area; nor is it explained why this course is superior in surprise or weight of attack to an airborne assault made by heavy land-based aircraft traversing the northern routes.

Mr. Andrews' basic premise appears to rest on the assumption of a full-scale attack on the Russians in Europe and Asia, and the consequent necessity for the creation of giant American land and naval forces capable of competing with the Russians weight-for-weight on the latter's own chosen battlefields. However, the conditions posed by our present rivalry with the USSR suggest that a great Russian land army, surrounded by military vacuums into which it can easily flow, is quite different from a great American land army, pinned to continental bases by the very nature of the logistical problems confronting it. On the sea lanes, our transportation lines would be exposed to a vast Russian submarine fleet, immeasurably superior in attack power to the old German wolfpacks, and presenting, at the moment at least, insuperable difficulties of detection. If Russia should take the fringe of non-Soviet Europe within a few weeks of swift military consolidation (a distinct possibility), the position becomes even

more questionable. In his admirable book, *Modern Arms and Free Men*, Vannevar Bush points out that successful invasion could only occur where the invader possessed greatly superior land forces, together with total dominance in the sea and air, and was capable as well of suppressing the enemy under the sea. Even if these conditions were achieved, "it is doubtful if a fully prepared line in the modern sense can be penetrated at all with tolerable casualties or even without limit on these."

An attempted landing on European shores well organized in depth, possessing radar warning networks, jet pursuits, automatic guns, homing missiles, and rockets possibly powered by ram-jet, together with electronic computers and other modern auxiliary devices, could very well be suicidal. This new development of the latent capacities of the defense is indicated clearly by Dr. Bush, who fully concedes that a full-dress war between two great industrialized military juggernauts might end in stalemate. This automatically raises grave questions as to the present military and politico-economic policy of the United States. Certainly the problem of transporting men and equipment in sufficient numbers to meet and conquer the acknowledged land power of the Russians, appears to be an unanswerable one. And in

view of Russia's growing swarm of Snorkel-type submarines and her new position on the China Sea, the whole question of drawing our strategic raw materials from British-controlled zones in Malaya and the Indies (to assist the British in meeting their dollar problem) must be subject to new and critical examination.

Mr. Andrews fairly attempts an estimate of the conditions our task forces would have to meet in a life-and-death struggle with the Russians in the European theatre. Taking his figures at face value, Russia possesses "more than 30,000 operational tanks, with 200 building monthly; the Red Army is being motorized throughout with Russian-built equipment; and the previously faulty signal-communications system is being modernized and expanded with the help of German technicians." He reports that some two hundred Russian divisions are immediately available, with another two hundred divisions ready to take the field within nine months, fully equipped. In addition, according to creditable reports, the Russians may be far ahead of us in the construction of guided missiles, and possess what is claimed to be the largest air force in existence, with special emphasis on jet pursuits and interceptors.

Compared to this grim Hydra-headed monster, our allies on the

European front could scarcely put thirteen ill-organized and ill-equipped divisions on the front, if the Kremlin suddenly were to unleash an assault. Andrews recognizes not only the immense defense advantages conferred on the Russian commanders by the massive forces at their disposal, but also those conferred by interior lines of communications, and Russia's position in the time equation. He estimates that it would take at least two-and-a-half years to train and equip the divisions necessary to contest this area with the Kremlin.

Even granting that Europe would be on our side rather than neutral, a supposition by no means assured, the cost of their arms is beyond our means. The European states are grouped badly for unified action, and moreover, they do not agree to the sovereignty sacrifices which unified action demands in total war. At best they would constitute a coalition with all the military weaknesses which this type of separate action implies. General Pierre Bilotte, head of the French delegation to the UN Military Staff Committee, has stated that for real resistance Europe would require one hundred mobile divisions equipped with modern armor and weapons, together with an air force at least equal to Russian power. The means of allied transport would have to be doubled to coordinate their

forces, and a powerful war industry would have to be erected to guarantee maintenance and operation. "Reduced to finance terms," he states, "no less than a \$100 billion investment spread over several decades is indicated." If Europe is also to produce atomic and other mass destruction weapons, "this would necessitate additional tens of billions of dollars."

If we were to attempt the European invasion alone, we would at once be in the difficult position of fighting our way into the feather pillow of organized Soviet Europe and Asia, with our forces scattered on the periphery of Russian power, dependent upon production centers 3000 miles away, and thus tied to a system of logistics which can hardly be expected to cope with the demands of supply, trained man-power and replacements. Similarly acute problems would plague the Russian commanders in any planned assault on us, a situation which would seem to force the American executive and military mind into new concepts of security and military organization.

III

Mr. Andrews' view that "this nation must see to it that no Service, Army, Navy or Air, is permitted to dominate its military structure," actually means that we must ignore the new exigencies of position and power which must be considered if our defense

establishment is to retain its elasticity of function. What we now require is a unitary defense force, capable of swiftly coordinated response to central and controlled planning, and dominated by the air arm. It can hardly be construed that there is something incongruous and irrational about Air Force generals commanding coordinated teams including surface forces, which does not apply when Ground Force generals command teams including tactical air units. The situation is simply one of inurement and the cracking of old orthodox conceptions. Certainly no sane air power authority would disdain the rôle of supporting surface forces, or declare that the Russian Empire, which has managed to usurp totally Mackinder's vaunted Heartland position, could be knocked out by a few well-placed raids of the Buck Rogers variety. When one considers the inability of Japan to conquer a virtually helpless China, due to the cushioning position of China's vast land area alone, the problems connected with an attempted conquest of the Soviet Union could hardly be missed by any competent military mind. Soon after hostilities commenced, the USSR would straddle a territory of some 16 million square miles, the industrial heart of which would be armored by a girdle of impassable desert, frozen tundra and

untraversable mountain chains, so that the sole access by orthodox means would be over the narrow northern plain of Europe.

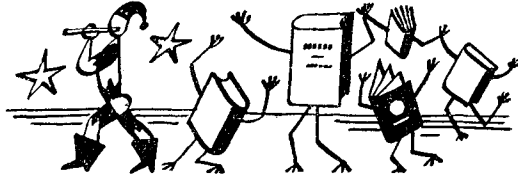
It must be assumed that the top Air Force leaders are sane and competent, and that they are hence aware that if and when World War III eventuates, the struggle will be a long and bitter one. As military men they simply believe, and with cause, that the weapons and techniques at their disposal represent by far the best prospect for defense, and for successful attack directed against the USSR on its home grounds. Had Mr. Andrews argued the possible limitation on future strategic air attack against an enemy line protected by adequate early warning and interception radar, jet pursuits equipped with guided missiles and air-to-air rockets, and other defense weapons, he might have stood on sound ground. Under the changing conditions of modern technological achievement, it may very well be that the day of massed bombing of strongly held enemy territory is over. In this case, however, it would do us no good to return to ancient methods; perhaps the creation of an American Continental fortress would be the only realistic course left open to us.

The latter view may turn out to be the only practical one, however distasteful it might be to our national

ego. Actually the major threat to our immediate security is not a further extension of Russian power on the Eurasian Continent, but the danger that Russian planes could suddenly appear with A- and H-bombs or bacteriological weapons, above our most vulnerable concentrations of industry and power. Our defense position could be seriously harmed by the sudden seizure of Alaska through a coordinated enemy action of air bombing and airborne soldiers, which will simply bypass our patrolling fleet. To pretend that these considerations do not exist, or even that decisive fire power may not shortly be lodged in long-range guided missiles equipped with homing devices and atomic warheads, hardly recommends itself to military sanity.

It is argued that the Russians are much weaker than they appear; but the only safe military assumption is that they are by far the most formidable enemy we have ever faced, and that the twin tasks of security are to create first, an unbreachable defense network, and second, to possess, in being, a fast-moving, mobile offense arm capable of taxing the enemy's defense resources to their utmost. For both of these purposes, American long-range air power, together with the auxiliaries, weapons and installations necessary to give it peak effectiveness, must be given top priority.

THE CHECK LIST



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

DECISION IN GERMANY, by General Lucius D. Clay. \$4.50. *Doubleday*. "The illegal General Clay," as *Pravda* was wont to call him, has set down clearly, unemotionally, and in enormous detail, the record of his four years in Germany. His endless negotiations with the Russians convinced him that they did not want war, and would back down if confronted by force; for this reason, he had originally advised Washington that the blockade of Berlin should be countered not by an airlift, but by an armed convoy. "I shall always believe," he says, "that the convoy would have reached Berlin." Steadily interesting.

HALF SLAVE, HALF FREE, *This Divided World*, by Hallett Abend. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. A thoroughly pessimistic look at the world political crisis, taken this time by a veteran Far Eastern correspondent. Mr. Abend reviews the dismal failure of the UN to obtain any kind of working cooperation between East and West; reports caustically on Western and Soviet imperialism in Asia; and winds up with a despairing summary

of the alternatives before the United States today, none of which seem to be very pleasant. Without suggesting any program of his own, he concludes that "the day of great decisions is almost upon us; for it has become obvious that the world cannot much longer exist in peace, half slave, half free."

BIOGRAPHY

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, edited with an Introduction by J. P. Mayer. \$5.00. *Columbia*. This apparently is the first reprint of the English translation of the celebrated French political philosopher's *Souvenirs* since the opening of this century. The present edition is the Alexander Teixeira de Mattos translation, but it contains many additions from the original text, which had previously not appeared in translation. The period covered by the *Souvenirs* is 1848-1850, historic years, not only for France, but for the whole modern world. The book makes charming and highly enlightening reading; it sparkles with wit and sudden dazzling insights. Professor Mayer is entirely justified in saying that the

Souvenirs "is infinitely superior to Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire* and even more so to the *Class Struggle in France*." The introduction and appendices are very helpful.

MY RETREAT FROM RUSSIA, by Vladimir Petrov. \$4.00. *Yale*. A simple and unaffected account of a young intellectual's wartime odyssey, which led him from a Soviet concentration camp in the Far East to Western Russia, Italy, and finally the United States. (He is now Instructor in Slavic Languages and Literatures at Yale.) His account deals with wartime Russia, so that not all of his observations of social disintegration in the USSR may be valid today; but his descriptions of the utter lawlessness and corruption that existed even then are an interesting commentary on the alleged super-efficiency of the régime. Altogether, a moving story, told with a nice feeling for the sufferings of the ordinary Soviet citizen. The translation is by David Chavchavadze.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

MALE AND FEMALE, by Margaret Mead. \$5.00. *Morrow*. The subtitle of this book, "A Study of the Sexes in a Changing World," gives an idea of its scope, and the by-line is a guarantee of its soundness of content and brilliance of writing. To Dr. Mead nothing in the entire complex of Western sexual practices, fears, customs, and inhibitions is sacrosanct. She delves deeply into societies all over the planet, both ancient and modern, and reveals that pretty nearly

the only static and immutable things about the sexes are their physiological differences. In all other aspects, she shows that communities have differed from time immemorial. Dr. Mead draws no morals, except that we be not so cocksure in our sociological thinking and that we direct our attention to the physiological and psychological integrity of the two sexes. The notes in the appendices are almost as interesting as the body of the book.

SOUTHERN LEGACY, by Hodding Carter. \$3.00. *Louisiana State University Press*. Fourteen essays, written from the viewpoint of a "Southern liberal," on the state of affairs below Mason and Dixon's line. The essays treat a variety of topics, mostly without plumbing very deep, but one theme recurs: the South is progressing, slowly but surely, and outside agitation will postpone rather than hasten the day of social maturity. Mr. Carter writes entertainingly of the day-to-day problems of small-town Southern life, but his chatty optimism seems altogether inadequate when he grapples with the awful facts of the Negro problem.

ANTHOLOGIES

A TREASURY OF GREAT REPORTING, edited by Louis L. Snyder and Richard B. Morris. \$5.00. *Simon & Schuster*. There are 175 examples of great reporting — "literature under pressure" — collected here, ranging in time from the sixteenth century to the present. Dr. Snyder is associate professor of his-

tory at the College of the City of New York and Dr. Morris is professor of history at Columbia. Presumably both men are scholars, possessed of critical judgment, and not subservient to popular taste or other pressures. Yet they admit that they were "guided" in their selections by the results of "an extensive poll" taken among city editors, teachers of journalism, and radio newsmen and executives. It is no wonder, then, that the result lacks character, that it contains excellent pieces by Defoe, Kipling, and Hemingway, alongside shabby pieces by John Gunther, Quentin Reynolds, and A. J. Liebling. The volume runs to nearly 800 pages. Had it been cut to half this size, it would have been better. The introductory notes by the editors are meandering and not very helpful. The long preface by Herbert Bayard Swope was apparently written in a hurry.

THE ROBERT E. LEE READER, edited by Stanley F. Horn. \$5.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. This mammoth book, which runs to more than 500 closely packed pages, deals more with Lee the man than Lee the soldier. Virtually all the major authorities, including Douglas Southall Freeman, Avery Craven, Jefferson Davis, and Gamaliel Bradford, are quoted, and the running notes by the editor are very helpful. There are many photographs, a good bibliography, and a really useful index. Altogether a worthy volume.

REFERENCE BOOKS

THE LINCOLN ENCYCLOPEDIA, compiled and edited by Archer H.

Shaw. \$6.50. *Macmillan*. There are almost 5000 quotations here from the written and spoken words of the Civil War President, arranged under such rubrics as amnesty, Salmon P. Chase, *habeas corpus*, military draft, Negro, Republican party, slavery, and temperance. At the end is a rather lengthy chronology. A valuable book.

ENGLISH, *A Course for Human Beings*, by Eric Partridge. 18/6. *Winchester*. Designed ostensibly for students between the ages of ten and eighteen, this volume merits the attention of the general public. It is a combination grammar and composition book, and includes also a great deal about etymology and literary appreciation. Mr. Partridge's approach differs widely from that of the average book of this class; it is lively, full of contemporary examples of good English, and based upon the sound principle that "most children are much more intelligent than grown-ups condescendingly admit them to be." The book merits publication in the United States.

FICTION

TO EVERY MAN A PENNY, by Bruce Marshall. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A kindly novel about a kindly French priest, which shuffles along at cloister pace. The saintly abbé Gaston meets the violence of two world wars with gentle tolerance for the Communist, prostitute, Nazi and Jewess who need his clerical pennies. But his attempts to phrase old truths in new language are as ineffectual as those of the author, whose chanty,

sonorous style is often marred by the excessive use of such modernisms as "the slippery joker from the Vatican," and "the centrally heated lady of easy virtue." Mr. Marshall adds another human portrait to help bridge the gap between clergy and flock, but ideologically he seems to epitomize himself in the words of the little abbé: "I am not good at explaining these things but I know that what I say is true."

THE GIRL IN THE SPIKE-HEELED SHOES, by Martin Yoseloff. \$3.00. *Dutton*. This is the story of Maybelle Reardon of Iowa, brought up in a poverty-stricken Catholic home, where the father is a drunkard and the mother is a drudge. Both die while Maybelle is in her teens. She "boards out" with a family approved by the priest. One of the young boys in the family seduces her, with considerable assistance on her part. Then begins her long career of amateur whoring, and she finally marries a loutish young man. They have two children, but her happiness is shaken when she discovers that, while at an army camp, he spends several nights with a girl. Maybelle consults her priest, who advises that she forgive him, which she does. This could be a dull and lustful tale, but Mr. Yoseloff fills it with so much compassion, and writes with such skill, that one cannot help being fascinated. It has many of the qualities of Stephen Crane's *Maggie*.

MISCELLANEOUS

INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE, by C. Alberto

Seguin. \$5.00. *International Universities Press*. This is easily one of the best of the scores of books on psychosomatic medicine that have lately been published. It is written carefully, clearly, and with dignity. The author does not hesitate to point out the many errors made by physicians and medicine in general in the past, and also to reveal serious inconsistencies in both current organic medicine and psychological medicine. Dr. Seguin is professor of psychosomatic medicine in the University of San Marco, Lima, and a member of the American Society for Research in Psychosomatic Problems. There is a highly appreciative foreword by Dr. Flanders Dunbar.

SCHOENBERG AND HIS SCHOOL, by René Leibowitz. \$4.75. *Philosophical Library*. M. Leibowitz considers Arnold Schoenberg, and his two most celebrated pupils, Alban Berg and Anton Webern, "among the most powerful, most original, and most virile composers of whom the history of music may boast." His discussion of the music of all three is addressed to professionals, who will find it highly illuminating. The translation from the French is by Dika Newlin; it is very readable.

NORTH AFRICAN NOTEBOOK, by Robin Maugham. \$3.00. *Harcourt Brace*. A quick romantic trip across the North African coastline, to point up the coming struggle between Arab nationalism and reactionary colonialism. Maugham's personal observations, unfortunately, are generally very superficial.

THE OPEN FORUM



CHIROPRACTIC—FOR AND AGAINST

SIR: For the millions of medical failures (including myself) in this state and throughout the country, this letter is an answer to the gross injustices, innuendoes, and deliberate misstatements of some medical men and recently of Joseph D. Wassersug, M.D., in his article, "The Case Against Chiropractic." [See the February *MERCURY*.]

Fishbein, the arch-propagandist for the American Medical Association, was at least blunt. He called chiropractors fakers and quacks, and said that the patients who claimed benefits were mentally unbalanced. Dr. Wassersug is somewhat more tactful. He begins his article by saying, "Any simple mechanistic theory which attempts to cope with diagnosis and treatment of illness is bound to prove totally inadequate." Then, a few paragraphs later, he states, "It must be admitted that this method sometimes works, but it is hardly scientific." First it doesn't, then it sometimes does. The Doctor is not consistent in his statements.

Why should we consider diagnosis of such importance when we have means of

scientifically locating and correcting the cause of most human ills? (Besides, more than 90 per cent of the patients seeking aid through chiropractic have been medically diagnosed.)

That we disregard tumors, nutritional deficiencies, and congenital defects is not true. These ailments, as well as fractured bones, decayed teeth, etc., are directed to the proper sources when they come to our attention.

Dr. Wassersug's criticisms of chiropractic education are mere piffle. Our educational programs equal that of any medical institution, in years as well as hours. In medical colleges, 1500 hours or so are spent in the study of drugs and medicines (which we do not prescribe or use), while chiropractic colleges devote that time to chiropractic practice and principle. Sick people are concerned with getting rid of their aches and pains. They are not interested in the number of hours necessary to achieve a degree.

Do Dr. Wassersug and the AMA assume that new health principles will not be discovered? When God created man, He endowed us with brains for thinking,

and He did not give any one group of men a monopoly on the health of the people. Organized political medicine uses its power in all states to crush and eliminate all healing professions that possess merits to help the sick.

In the Empire State, we have an example of this, where every year great pressure is exerted on the legislature to prevent enactment of regulatory laws for chiropractic. Having the power and numbers on their side, the doctors frighten people by telling them we will injure them, by using anti-chiropractic literature in medical offices, even by having boys at subway stations distribute literature urging people to have their assemblymen vote against us. The argument that chiropractors have developed lobbying into a fine art is fantastic. How can 20,000 chiropractors match nearly 200,000 M.D.s dollar for dollar? In one swoop, the American Medical Association raised \$3 million by taxing its members just to fight one program.

If any liberal-minded person, like Senator Pepper of Florida, attacks the injustices against chiropractic, the American Medical Association immediately becomes aroused, and abuses are the result. Down through the ages, great men have been denounced because they advanced new ideas. This has been true of medicine. Dr. Hahnemann, who broke away from allopathic medicine and created the method of homeopathy; Dr. Still, who created osteopathy; and Dr. Harvey, discoverer of blood circulation — all were mocked and rejected by their own profession. Sister Kenny, after years of struggling, finally won partial recog-

nition when public sentiment overcame medical opposition. The fact is, the greatest contributions in health matters were made by men outside the field of medicine. The medical germ theory was discovered by Pasteur, who was not an M.D. The X-ray, which has been of great value to medicine and chiropractic, was not discovered by an M.D., but by a physicist, Roentgen. Sanitary engineering, which has been responsible for eliminating filth diseases, was not a medical discovery.

Dr. Wassersug does not realize that there is within each human body an intelligent creative force or power, which we call innate intelligence, that controls all organs and their functions. This innate intelligence combines and mixes all the chemistry; repairs and heals when necessary; and is essential for continued growth and living. It is this innate intelligence that chiropractic as a mechanical principle is concerned with. Any interference with the transmission of this innate intelligence will produce changes in chemistry and cause malfunction. These interferences generally take place in the spinal column. When corrected through the proper chiropractic procedure, the intelligence that created us will again take control of all necessary functions in the body. Can the Doctor deny this?

If nerve interference is not responsible for many diseases, why do M.D.s operate and cut nerves for ulcers and high blood pressure? Why do they manipulate the cervical vertebrae for migraine headaches and hang people by the neck for arthritis? These crude methods, and other so-called therapies under the guise

of physical medicine, prove conclusively that the doctors are trying to steal chiropractic. The truth of nerve pressure existing in the spinal column of the human body cannot be denied. The removing of such interference does help the sick people.

Some thirty-odd years ago, I was a professional athlete, and was stricken with what the M.D.s diagnosed as sciatica. I consulted with the best physicians; my teeth were perfect, my tonsils and other organs were found healthy. Various treatments were tried, including the injection of alcohol in the sciatic nerve. It was only after several years of suffering that I met a friend who insisted that I see a chiropractor. I did, and results were obtained within a reasonable time. In my gratitude, I studied this great science, and for 25 years I have had the good fortune to help thousands of medical failures.

Many cases of sciatica and similar conditions are referred by physicians for chiropractic service; in fact, medical doctors and their families seek our services when their methods fail. If the American Medical Association and its members were really sincere, they would open their hearts and allow chiropractors to enter their hospitals and mental institutions. Surely, they must know that in these fifty-odd years we have helped many of their problem cases. I am certain there are thousands of chiropractors with large practices, who would gladly give up at least one day a week *gratis*, to aid suffering humanity. Will the medical profession allow such a humane service? No! The fact is, chiropractors are not

allowed to enter a medical hospital. In Oklahoma, a chiropractor entered a hospital to help a sick woman at the request of her husband — and the entire medical staff walked out of the hospital!

Any medical man who makes unprincipled remarks about a healing profession which restores health and provides relief from pain after every measure of medical knowledge has been exhausted has no feeling for suffering humanity. In September 1940, the president-elect of the state medical society of Wisconsin, Dr. Ralph P. Spoule, warned the doctors that, in challenging the chiropractor, they were "looking at the subject through the eyes of a physician"; he asked them "to take a view from the public side," and pointed out that "some of the most intelligent people" in Wisconsin were being treated by non-medical practitioners. Dr. Spoule admitted that "those practitioners have something to offer for which we set up no commensurate service." The late Dr. Alfred Walton, graduate of Harvard and surgeon of Essex County Hospital, in New Jersey, studied chiropractic and pleaded with the medical profession to take up this great science — to no avail.

We, as a profession, do not ask compulsory laws to force people into our office, as do the medics. All we ask are laws to give our profession the right to regulate its own practitioners in accordance with chiropractic standards. This reasonable and just request, which has been granted to all other professions, is not more than we are rightfully entitled to.

My plea to the medical profession is

this: that it lay down its prejudices and cooperate with all proved methods, including chiropractic, for the sole benefit of the sick. My plea is not for the sake of my own profession, but for the sake of suffering people all over the world.

L. W. ZARRELL, D.C., PH.C.

New York City

SIR: Reading Dr. Wassersug's "case" against chiropractic, I was first struck by the level of his attack. At one point, he says, "thanks to Federally sponsored education for the veterans, chiropractic schools can get U. S. government money and veterans, *often at a loss for something better to do* [italics mine], are again filling in the chiropractors' ranks." But later, he quotes my *factual* statement that chiropractic schools have been rigidly inspected by the Veterans Administration, and adds, "— and the VA will not have any part of them!" I refer the doctor to his own aforementioned lines. I refer him, too, to the *facts*—easily accessible to him, as they were to me.

Dr. Wassersug says, "The chiropractor conceives of a car simply in terms of brakes and hydraulic fluid." A less hasty reading of my article would have made quite obvious the fact that my analogy referred only to the vertebral pressure on nerve channels.

Then, there is the matter of my quoting what Drs. Stimson and Swenson wrote in the *AMA Journal*. Dr. Wassersug cites another passage from their article, which points out, he says, that "conclusive proof of the diagnosis of subluxation lies in obtaining careful stereoscopic X-rays of the neck bones," etc.

The doctor claims that if anything tends to refute chiropractic theory, it is this very article. Refute? Apparently, the doctor has never viewed chiropractic X-rays, which utilize an extremely revealing and accurate technic. Certainly he ignores my statements of fact, including this one: "Palmer School of Chiropractic . . . pioneered the theory and use of the spinograph, and has utilized, since 1910, more than 1.3 million of these X-rays."

In attacking my excerpts from Crile, Mathews, and Pottenger, Dr. Wassersug has gone to great lengths to reveal only that, from his standpoint, I am damned if I do and damned if I don't. He complains that I left out consideration of the brain, and says, derisively, "Chiropractors can, of course, ignore the brain with impunity. For them it has no important function." Yet two paragraphs later, he acknowledges, "According to Mr. Levin, the nervous system supplies energy from the brain to all the organs, muscles and cells . . ."

Then the next paragraph says that, anyway, "from a scientific standpoint, it has been shown that the energy requirements of the brain are slight." (Now who is "ignoring the brain with impunity"?) Actually, one of the world's foremost internal medicine men disagrees with the finding that the brain's energy requirements are slight.

Dr. Wassersug next seems to ridicule the brain as a source of dynamic power. He asks, "What type of energy is Mr. Levin talking about . . . heat, electrical energy, or steam power?" No doubt an attempt at humor, but I state very

clearly that highly specialized chiropractic apparatus is "of sufficient sensitivity and accuracy to be able to measure the electrical energies throughout the nervous system." And for the doctor's further edification, the "present-day gadgets" whose scientific reliability or worth he questions, are similar to the extremely precise microvoltmeters in use in the finest medical, electrical and other scientific research laboratories in the country.

I stated that chiropractic believes there is no reason, barring abuse or injury, for a perfectly sound kidney or stomach to malfunction of its own accord. This, says the doctor, is "an expression of whimsy or wishful thinking." Then in the spirit of scientific inquiry, I ask him: barring abuse or injury, or the fatigue of age, *is* there any reason to believe that a perfectly sound kidney or stomach will malfunction of its own accord?

As for the many questions Dr. Wassersug poses concerning internal ailments, especially cancer, I must question once more: has he read my article? In my second paragraph, it is stated that chiropractic makes no claims as a cure-all. And surely he read my case history of Rick, who suffered from Hodgkin's Disease. He knows that Hodgkin's Disease is a dreaded cancerous condition that attacks first the lymph nodes and then other organs. What possible constructive course can the doctor be pursuing?

His remarks on education of chiropractors show that Dr. Wassersug is basing a 1950 attack on 1939 evidence. I still say that that the curriculum and

hours of study parallel requirements of the AMA for Class A medical schools today. These requirements show the identical total of 1836 hours devoted in both minimum chiropractic and minimum AMA medical courses to: anatomy, including embryology and histology; physiology; biochemistry; pathology and bacteriology; public health and sanitation; and obstetrics and gynecology. The remaining 1764 hours are assigned to principles and technics of diagnosis and treatment, chiropractic and medical, in their respective schools.

If the doctor's quest for skeletons in the closet took him back to other years, why not go back to 1910? In that year, although medicine had had the benefit of recognition and centuries of European development, Dr. Abraham Flexner, reporting for the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, condemned medical education in the U. S., and declared that 120 of the 155 medical schools then in existence should be closed. (About 85 were closed as a result.) Present four-year medical courses are of comparatively recent origin. Many doctors practicing successfully today received degrees after a one- or two-year course.

About the doctor's next point — that many chiropractors fail to get basic scientific certification — the fact is that all basic science bills have had as a common objective to "keep out" all but medical physicians. The drafter of the first bill, over twenty-five years ago, was a Judge Woodward, legal counsel for the AMA. Not long ago, the *AMA Journal* made the admission that "the evident original

purpose of enacting basic scientific laws as a prerequisite for licensure was to exclude chiropractors . . . from being admitted to licensure."

As for what Dr. Wassersug asserts about the chiropractic lobby, I refer him to "Dr. Morris Fishbein Meets the Press" [also in the February *MERCURY*] for a pertinent discussion of the American Medical Association's lobby — against national health service. The newspapers tell us that in 1949, the AMA mailed 55 million pamphlets assailing President Truman's health program. . . .

My figures show that in 24 out of 36 diabetes cases, complete or almost complete success was achieved through chiropractic care. While stating that "with insulin, *complete* success would be achieved in well over 90 per cent of the cases," Dr. Wassersug asks, what do I mean? Insulin therapy, he will admit, is treatment extending over a long period of time, usually, and most often continuing throughout the patient's life. What I mean, I tell the doctor, is that with chiropractic service, patients got well and required *no* medicine!

Also in this connection, I have before me an Associated Press report telling me that "Dr. Michael Somogyi, biochemist of the Jewish Hospital in St. Louis, Mo., told the one hundred and sixteenth annual convention of the American Chemical Society . . . that 99 per cent of adults with diabetes can get along without insulin with a new diet treatment."

To answer Dr. Wassersug's unlimited enthusiasm for drugs, let me quote Victor Robinson, M.D., in *The Story of Medicine*. He says: "Every country has its

pharmacologic graveyards, where the panaceas of the past lie buried." The United Press reported that Dr. Alton S. Ochsner, head of the Ochsner Clinic of New Orleans and an international authority on thrombo-embolism — the formation and carriage of a blood clot through the veins — recently told the congress of the International Society of Surgery: "A more likely explanation of the increased incidence of thrombo-embolism in recent years is that, as a result of the almost routine administration of antibiotics to most if not all hospital patients, an increased coagulability of the blood occurs, favoring the production of venous thrombosis." While Dr. Wassersug boasts of wonder drugs, serums, anti-convulsants, and narcotic-like drugs, I feel forced, in all honesty, to temper my regard for them with caution. . . .

SHERMAN LEVIN

New York City

SIR: If Mr. Levin strained the seams of logic in his original article by presenting incomplete statements as if they were whole truths, and quoting chapter headings as if they conveyed the context of the entire chapter, he exceeds himself in his letter. There is no inconsistency in my statements about the attitude of the Veterans Administration to chiropractic, even though Mr. Levin takes two remotely separated sentences and tries to put them together as if they were one.

Here are the facts: The United States government sponsors education for veterans — any kind of education — perhaps even phrenology and tea-leaf reading. Veterans can go to such schools or

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take mail-order courses, and have Uncle Sam pay the bill. However, the Veterans Administration does not believe that chiropractors are suitable doctors to take care of the men who fought for our country. The Veterans Administration has again and again refused to recognize chiropractors as being equivalent to doctors of medicine. As far as I can determine, chiropractors are not permitted to treat our veterans at Veterans Hospitals. The standard of care at these hospitals is high. Keeping chiropractors out keeps it high.

Strangely enough, I have viewed chiropractic X-rays and I have also read chiropractic reports of X-ray findings. If Mr. Levin can interpret these pseudo-scientific reports, he is even better able to twist the language than I credit him to be.

Mr. Levin laments: "I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't." That, of course, is true. Anyone who attempts to uphold the untenable thesis of chiropractic would find himself in a similar position. Chiropractic is unworkable from all angles. By the way, how *would* chiropractic treat diseases of the brain? What form of *spinal* manipulation will cure a *brain* tumor or meningitis?

Let me repeat, it *is* an expression of whimsy or wishful thinking to believe that a sound organ will not malfunction. Mr. Levin states that barring abuse or injury or fatigue of age, a perfectly sound organ will not malfunction. Has Mr. Levin ever heard of infections? Is a lung riddled with the germs of pneumonia or tuberculosis the result of abuse or injury or fatigue? Has Mr. Levin never heard of little things called germs?

Without getting technical, it might be well for Mr. Levin to learn that Hodgkin's Disease may or may not be "a dreaded cancerous condition." According to the accepted classification of Jackson and Parker, Hodgkin's Disease can be divided into three types, one of which is known as paraganuloma. This type is fairly benign, and proved cases are recorded in which patients "live unembarrassed by their disease" (to quote Jackson and Parker) "for many years."

As a matter of fact, they cite one patient who had no treatment at all and who is living and active 38 years after the first lymph node involvement. If such a patient were treated by a chiropractor under the mistaken belief that he was dealing with a "dreaded cancerous condition," manipulation of the spine would, of course, receive the credit that belonged more rightfully to the Lord. As a matter of fact, brushing one's teeth twice a day would be just as effective as chiropractic in a condition such as this, but dentists, who are better trained in medicine, I am sure, will not report the cure of Hodgkin's Disease by teeth-brushing.

As far as the curriculum in schools of chiropractic goes, I regret that I have not had the opportunity to visit each school in person and find out what was being taught there. Evidence as of 1939 is recent enough for me. Let me repeat, the students of ten years ago are the doctors of today. Inadequacies of training at that time are reflected now. I would venture to guess that even the present-day curriculum, as outlined by Levin, is largely one that appears on paper and not in practice.

JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

Quincy, Mass.

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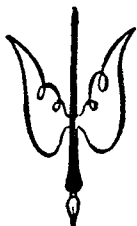
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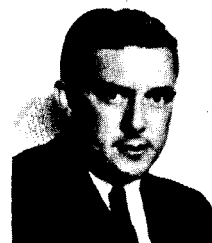
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